THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

LETTER FROM THE SIAMESE TWINS.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 1, 1832.

MOTHER AND LITTLE SIS,—One year, two years, and three have now gone, since I left the land of my birth, the mother that bore me and the little sister that loves me, to come to this new world, among new faces and new every thing. Think you that Chang Eng is changed? that he forgets the dear friends and scenes he has left behind, and thinks only of those by which he is now surrounded? No, never—never will his heart lose the remembrance of all that is treasured up there.

How often am I provoked and almost incensed to blows by the foolish questions asked me by the people in this country. "Chang Eng," say they, "have you a father, a mother, or a sister at home?" Then I say, "Chang Eng has no father, for he is dead—he has a mother and a little sister." "Oh!" they say then, "and do you love that mother and little sister?" Love them! Oh what a vile and senseless question to put to Chang Eng, as if he were a wild beast or a monkey, destitute of natural affection. But I do not reply to such boyish questions—they who ask them are too far beneath the notice of Chang Eng for him to deign to converse with them.

Just so am I sometimes troubled with impertinent inquiries about my religion. One man asks me if I believe there is one God or three Gods—another if I believe bad men will be kept burning when they die forever, or that they will be kept in the fire only long enough to burn out their sins, and that then they will go to the place where they say good people go. Now what does Chang Eng know about all this? He cannot tell how many great Deities there be—he never saw them—never felt them—yes, he does feel them—he feels that some good power, whether one or twenty he knows not, has watch over him to protect him by day and to guard his slumbers by night.

Neither can Chang Eng say whither his spirit will go when he dies—he cannot distinguish between the thousand different creeds these people profess—he is afraid to trust to the words of any one of them, because every one says his own are right and that all others are wrong. The Catholic says I am right—the presbyterian, I am; the universalist, I am;—all say, Chang Eng, follow me. But Chang Eng says no, gentlemen, I must be excused—I cannot tell where you will lead me—I cannot understand all the fine stories you tell me, nor reconcile the contradictions between this one and that. Chang Eng has a heart as big as any man's, and he knows that the great Deity looks right to that. If that heart is good, and who shall say Chang Eng's is not? he thinks there will be no danger of his missing the right road when he dies.

Yes, Chang Eng has a heart, as his good mother and little sister know full well. They are away, far away, from him, and he knows not when he shall see them, but he knows that the great power who protects him, will protect them—this he knows and feels, and this is Chang Eng's religion. I smile at these people when they lose their friends. They all say, Chang Eng, our friend was good, very good, and he is now far happier than when he was here—he has gone to the good place, where nothing more can trouble him. Now Chang Eng should think they would be very happy, if their friend is so happy—that they would rejoice if he were dead and gone to the good place. But it is not so with them—they sigh and mourn, and look sad and disconsolate. Now don't this show that they have secret doubts if their friend is really gone to the good place? Yes it is so - they run to the priest and he comes to the house where their friend lies dead—but he brings no gladness with him—he is shrouded in black and his countenance is black—all the friends are dressed in black—all black, to denote grief and despair.

Then Chang Eng says, is this the priest to pray for our deceased friend? Why does he look so fearfully gloomy when you say our friend is gone to the good place. And they say, "Hush! Chang Eng, and do not disturb the funeral rites." "What! not speak one word of gratulation that our friend is so happy?" "No," they all say, "be silent and sad!" Then they all stand up in silence and tears while the priest prays for the dead friend, that he may have gone to the good place—he says he believes he has gone there—he has no doubt of it, because his dead friend was a good man, yet they all wail and lament till even Chang Eng himself is filled with tears and begins to fear lest his dead friend has missed the right road.

I give this only as a specimen of the funeral services of the dead—the body, I should add, is buried in the ground, but the spirit, they say, ascends to the good place. Chang Eng hopes it is so—he believes it is so. Why then should they be so sad when their friend has met with such good fortune? I can write no more for the present—my letter is a sad one, but I will be more gay in future.

Your absent CHANG ENG.

TO * * * * *

Oh come! Oh come! beloved one,
Why wilt thou tarry longer;
Thou can'st not have a truer one,
Nor one whose love is stronger;
Then hasten to the Altar, love,
And be the vows there spoken,
That bind us to each other, love,
Till life's last string is broken.

The glow of Spring is on thy brow,
Its flowers are blooming brightly;
The stream of life runs sweetly now,
Thy heart is beating lightly:
The world to thee is like a bower,
Whose blossoms wither never;
But, love, there is a coming hour,
When these will fade forever.

The breath of Care has never blown
Upon thee yet, my sweet;
Life's joys are all around thee thrown,
Upspringing at thy feet;
And Fancy's telescopic eye,
In scanning future hours,
Reflects to thee a brilliant sky,
Studded with Hope's bright flowers.

But, dearest, all the brightest beams
That future Hope may shed;
Will vanish like the Meteor's gleams,
In darkness o'er thy head;
It hath no pulse of joy so bright
As that, with which thou'rt blest,
Save one—the holy, pure delight
That fills a *Mother's* breast.

Then come! Oh come! speak out the words
That make thee mine for ever,
And binds us with the silken cords,
Which nought in life can sever;
I offer thee a heart, belov'd,
With thy sweet self enshrined;
A fonder heart ne'er throb'd, belov'd,
Since Love's first wreath was twined.

J. T. E.

SONNET—ADDRESSED TO ———.

A dream of mine,
Hath just such dark and shaded eyes as thine.
WILLIS.

Just such an eye as thine, tho' seen in dreams,
Each poet raves at in his waking hours,
Nor spares bright words, that flow like moonlit streams,
Enshrined 'tween banks of summer's sweetest flowers.
The halo bright those eyes of thine still shed,
Renders the midnight stars no longer fair!
Happy the moon when the bright sun has fled,
And happier still, when no such eyes appear.
The ephemeral dew-drop, and the sickly pearl,
Flash the unmeaning ray of borrowed light;
In thy soft eyes when those fair lids unfurl,
Each ray bespeaks the soul of Beauty bright.
Long in their native radiance may they shine,
Dazzling the gazer with their beams divine. J.H.G.

Washington's next Birth-Day deserves a JUBILEE, as it completes the century. The centennial anniversary of Shakspeare's birth was honored with one; thus should we honor Washington's. The Father of English Poetry, and the Father of American liberty, are entitled to equal and eternal honors—

Be honor to the Lyre and Sword—
Be honor to their deathless fame;
With equal honors, each ador'd—
The Poet's and the Patriot's name!

Boston Statesman.

From the London Age.

NO THANKS TO DON-KEY.

As it is usual for the first Court of the new Mayoralty to move a vote of thanks to the late Lord Mayor, Alderman Thorp, at the Court on Tuesday, proposed the vote for the Civic Don, which motion was received with a most magnanimous burst of indignant vituperation! The proposition was seconded by Alderman Thompson, but was opposed by Alderman Copeland, who said he blushed to think that he had voted for the return of the Lord Mayor; he was ashamed to acknowledge that he had been betrayed from his duty by coercion and intimidation. "I was afraid," said he, "to vote as I wished; my property and person have been threatened if I did so. I yielded to these threats, and now I see my folly!"

But the principal speaker was one Alderman Waithman, a haberdasher, who rose to express his surprise that any member of that worshipful body—of which I have the honor to be the soul—could think of such a horrid proposition! "I *shawl* not," said the Bridge-street Bob, "I *shawl* not give my vote; I'd rather throw off my *gown*, and make a *shift* to appear in a *petty-coat*, than countenance such a *measure!* Jack Key, or John Key—I don't care whether it be *jac-co-net*—has been led to neglect his business last year by, I have been told, Mr. Hankey, the banker; but no matter whether it be a Hankey or a *hankey-chief!*"—After the immense applause which followed this happy pout, in which the worthy speaker himself joined, had somewhat subsided, and he had begged of them, as "he had devoted his whole life to the good of the country," and had *threaded* his way, hand in *glove*, with the present Ministry, to excuse the pun, he resumed. "It has been hinted that I wish to be Mayor again; but I repel the foul aspersion! and, if the reviler has sufficient magnitude of spirit to meet me with powder and balls (of *worsted*, we understood him) he'll find that I'll not flinch an *ell!* I do nothing under a *cloak*, I should consider myself for-*lawn* if I did."

"It has been said that the present is the best Mayor we ever had; but that's all *stuff*; they must tell that to the *moreens*; for I haven't dined at the Mansion-House above once the whole year! In conclusion allow me to add, that he, Donkey, has displayed the quintessence of *muff*-ism! 'Tis true he has hoisted the Banner of Reform; but the colors of which I really cannot *warrant to wash!*" The worthy alderman, after having counted the court, dropped down amidst thunders of applause; and, as they had displayed so much valor in allowing themselves to be robbed of their "*privileges*," the Donkey did not get a vote at all!

In return for this degradation, the Donkey has determined to afflict the Court with the Cholera Morbus, which threat has taken such a palpable effect on their iron nerves, that powerful purgatives and cajeput oil are now in great requisition.

THE NORMANS.

A SKETCH OF MANNERS.

Translated from the French for the Winchester Repub.

Two men came forward, one carrying a basket under his arm, the other a little cotton bag. "Which of you is the plaintiff?" demanded the judge, "It is me, your honor," said the man with the basket. "What have you to say—what do you complain of." "I have chickens at home, your honor, and beautiful chickens; my neighbor, there, whom I have summoned, entices them away under pretext of feeding them—but in reality, in the wickedness and blackness of his heart, to treat them, poor little innocents, as you will soon see, your honor." And he drew from his basket and placed in the midst of the audience a cock completely stripped of his feathers. The poor animal, ashamed, shivering, flying from the shouts of the assembly, sought to hide his melancholy nudity.

The defendant, interrogated, confessed the fact, a fact in his opinion very excusable. "I am, as every body knows, a poor shoe-maker. Two years ago, I was forced to ask a little money of my neighbor, who lent it to me; I thank him for it. I was to return it at the end of the year: the end of the year came, your honor, and no money with it; and my neighbor demanded the money he had advanced, with the little interest, as was just. Nothing to pay, what could I do? One day he came to my house, and after shutting the door, alone with me, he said, 'Friend, have you any money? I am in want of some.' I did not know what to say, and I said nothing. 'Friend,' said he, a second time, 'have you any money? I lent you mine to oblige you, you know it; it is with that you have bought your corn and your bread; it is, then, my corn and my bread that has nourished you; it is time that you return it.' I, who had nothing to return, what could I say? Nothing, and I held my tongue. 'Do you think to pay me by your silence?' said he, at last, getting angry. 'A third time, friend, have you any money?' This is for the last time; and if you have no money, the coat you have on suits me, and I will take it. Do you think, then, you are going so well dressed (it was Sunday, your honor,) while I, to oblige you, am forced to inconvenience myself?' Saying that, as I was still silent, he took off my coat, your honor: I made some objections, but he took it nevertheless, and as he was going, 'Hark'ee,' said he, 'I shall put it in my closet; I shall leave it there two months; and if, at the end of that time, you do not pay me my money, I shall consider it as mine? Ask him if it is not true.

"Nevertheless, your honor, his chickens came every day on my premises: like a good neighbor, I let them come; they went in my barn and picked the grain; how often have they not eaten my children's bread. I did not complain of it; between neighbors such things should be suffered; but, gift for gift. At last I was tired of it. One day the cock was in my barn—I found him there; I shut the door, and, alone with him, I said, 'What are you doing here? it is my property you are eating, it is my corn that nourishes you; I expect you to pay me. Have you any money? Answer me, neighbor.' Mum. A second time, 'Have you any money?' Not a word. For the third and last time, 'Have you any money?' The same silence; the neighbor looked at me without saying a word. 'Ah! you do not answer me—one who says nothing does not pay, my friend. You have no money, that is possible; but you have there a dress that suits me; I want a pillow for my child. Do you think, then, you are going to strut so proudly under your fine plumage, when I am dying for want of bread? no, my friend, not so.' Saying that, I caught him, and notwithstanding some little objections on his part, I took off his coat. I showed him that I put it in a little bag, where it is yet, your honor, and this is what I said to him: 'Hark'ee, if, in two months from this time you pay me my grain or the money, which you choose, you may be sure that I will return you your coat; if not, it is mine.' He is here to tell the contrary if I have said what is false, your honor, and here is my bag, which I will return to him when he chooses, when he returns my grain. As others do to you, do thou—this is the law of equity."

The audience greeted him with shouts of laughter; the judge alone preserved his gravity. A Norman judge does not laugh so easily. What he pronounced I will not tell you; but I ask you, how should you have decided the affair?

The Sultan.—Let us now speak of the haughty monarch of Turkey—of him who has had the daring to attempt reforms that have previously caused two revolutions, and the death of two Sultans, his predecessors. His pride is, indeed, not less than we could have supposed from what we had already read and heard. I had several opportunities of seeing his majesty, on horseback, and in his barge on the Bosphorus; but the best view I had of him was at the audience of our ambassador. Upon the occasion his eyes (very large and dark) darted from side to side with a quickness scarcely conceivable, whilst he endeavored to penetrate the characters of those presented before him. His countenance is most singularly striking, full of resolution and fire; a broad open face, with a dark beard, which being clipped, and made short and stubby, loses all its natural beauty and elegance, and appeared to me with peculiar disadvantage, having recently left a country whose only excellence perhaps consists in this unusual but graceful appendage. The Sultan of the Mahomedan empire is so great a being in his own estimation, that he does not condescend to address the representative of the King of England but through his minister; or to receive him before he has been fed and clothed, and rendered fit to appear in his presence. It is, indeed, curious that the English, or any European nation, can reconcile themselves to such degrading indignities.—*Alcock's Travels.*

A Novel Mode of indulging Grief.—A noble lady died lately in Paris, leaving a singular example of attachment to the fallen dynasty of France. After the departure of Charles X. from Cherbourg, she never quitted her apartment, which she had caused to be hung with black cloth, ornamented with tears and fleur-de-lis of tin. This mournful arrangement was the same in every room, from the ante-chamber to the kitchen. All the furniture and utensils were painted black, and those which could not bear the brush were covered with black crape. It was not until the auction of the lady's effects, that her neighbors were enabled to ascertain the extent of her grief. Amongst the various objects which excited curiosity was a cage containing a parrot, dressed in deep mourning!—*Boston Transcript.*

MISCELLANY.

From the Evening Journal.

On the marriage of Mr. Levi Williams to Miss Nancy Twenty Canoes, of the Tuscarora tribe of Indians:

Now Levi had courted an Indian maid,
A genuine Tusca-*roarer;*
And, whether he meant it or not, he said
He had ne'er seen her like, before her.

Says Levi, the people may laugh if they choose,
But, as soon as I can, I'll have her;
Her *portion* is generous—("Twenty Canoes"
At her *christ'ning* her father gave her.)

So he asked the old Sanhop for his consent,
And he asked the old Squaw for her's;—
And I warrant he pleaded right eloquent,
Through the "Twenty" *interpreters.*

Then off to a wigwam away in the wood,
Where the priests of that nation reside,
They hurried together, as fast as they could,
And Levi to Nancy was—"*tied.*"

Then around him her arms did the maiden fling—
Her raptures were so unbounded—
And I wot that he looked like an Indian king,
With his "Twenty Canoes" surrounded.

But alas for poor Levi, he's lost his repose,
His fate beats most others "all hollow"—
He's constantly *haunted!*—wherever he goes
The "Twenty Canoes" will follow.

Let all other wooers take warning in time,
And not think too much of the *dower;*
For wives will turn witches, to punish that crime,
When they get a poor dog in their power.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

"A short time before the rising of the Presbyterians, which terminated in the rout at Pentland, a young gentleman of the name of Elliot had been called by business to Edinburgh. On his way homeward, he resolved to pay a visit to an old friend of the name of Scott, whose residence was upon the banks of the Tweed, or some of its larger tributaries. Elliott stopped at a small house of entertainment not far from Scott's mansion, in order to give his parting directions to a servant he was dispatching home with some commissions.

The signs of the times had not altogether escaped the notice of our hero. The people were quiet, but reserved, and their looks expressed any thing but satisfaction. In Edinburgh there were musterings and inspections of troops, and expresses to and from London were hourly departing and arriving. As Elliot travelled along, he and more than once encountered small parties of military reconnoitring the country, or hastening to some post which had been assigned them. Fewer labourers were to be seen in the fields than was usual at the season. The cottagers lounged before their doors, and gazed after the passing warriors with an air of sullen apathy. There was no violence or disturbance on the part of the people—they had, as yet, been no arrestments—but it was evident to the most careless that hostile suspicion was rapidly taking the place of that inactive dislike which had previously existed between the governors and the governed. It was natural that in such a state of the national temper, affairs of state should form the chief subjects of gossip around the fireside of a country inn. Elliot was not surprised, while sitting at the long deal table, giving directions to his servant, to hear the name of his friend frequently in the mouths of the peasantry. It was a matter of course that at such a period the motions and inclinations of a wealthy and active landholder of old family should be jealously watched. But it struck him that Scott's name was always uttered in a low, hesitating tone, as if the speakers were labouring under a high degree of awe. He continued therefore, some time, after he had dismissed his attendant, sitting as if lost in thought, but anxiously listening to the desultory conversation dropping around him, like the few shots of a distant skirmish. The allusions of the peasants were chiefly directed to his friend's wife. She was beautiful and kind, but there was an unearthly light in her dark eye. Then there was a dark allusion to a marriage on the hill-side—far from human habitation—to the terror of the clergyman who officiated, at meeting so lovely a creature in so lonely a place. The Episcopalian predilections of the family of Scott were not passed unnoticed. And it seemed universally admitted, that the house had been given over to the glamour and fascination of some unearthly being. The power of a leader so connected, in the impending strife, was the subject of dark forebodings.

Rather amused to find his old crony become a person of consequence, Elliot discharged his reckoning, mounted his steed, and on reaching Scott's residence, was warmly and cheerfully welcomed. He was immediately introduced to the lady, whom he regarded with a degree of attention, which he would have been ashamed to confess to himself was in some degree owing to the conversation he had lately overheard. She was a figure of a fairy size, delicately proportioned, with not one feature or point of her form to which any objection could be urged. Her rich brown hair clustered down her neck, and lay in massive curls upon her bosom. Her complexion was delicate in the extreme, and the rich blood mantled in her face at every word. Her eyes were a rich brownish hazel, and emitted an almost preternatural light, but there was nothing ungentle in their expression. The honey-moon had not elapsed, and she stood before the admiring traveller in all the beauty of a bride—the most beautiful state of woman's existence—when, to the unfolding delicate beauty of girlhood, is superadded the flush of a fuller consciousness of existence, the warmth of affection which dare now utter itself unchecked, the first half serious, half-playful assumption of matronly dignity. After a brief interchange of compliment with her guest, she left the apartment, either because "the house affairs called her thence," or because she wished to leave the friends to the indulgence of an unrestrained confidential conversation.

"A perfect fairy queen,' said Elliot, as the door closed behind her. "So you have already heard that silly story?' answered his host.—"Well! I have no right to complain, for I have only myself to thank for it." Elliot requested that he would explain his meaning, and he in compliance narrated "his whole course of wooing."

"I was detained abroad, as you well know, for some years after his Majesty's restoration, partly on account of the dilapidated state of my fortunes, and partly because I wished to prosecute the career of arms I had commenced. It is now about nine months since I returned to my native country. It was a gloomy day as I approached home. You remember the footpath which strikes across the hill behind the house, from the bed of the stream, which mingles about a mile below us, with that on whose banks we now are. Where it separates from the public road, I gave my horse to the servant, intending to pursue the by-path alone, resolved that no one should watch my emotions when I again beheld the home of my fathers. I was looking after the lad, when I heard the tread of horses behind me. On turning, I saw a tall, elderly gentleman, of commanding aspect, and by his side a young lady upon a slender milk-white palfrey. I need not describe her, you have seen her to-day. I was struck with the delicacy of her features, the sweet smile upon her lips, and the living fire that sparkled from her eyes. I gazed after her until a turning of the road concealed her from my view.

"It was in vain that I inquired among my relations and acquaintances. No person was known in the neighbourhood such as I described her. The impression she left upon me, vivid though it was at the moment, had died away, when one day, as I walking near the turn of the road where I had lost her, she again rode past me with the same companion. The sweet smile, the glance of the eye, were heightened this time by a blush of recognition. The pair were soon lost to me round the elbow of the road. I hurried on, but they had disappeared. The straggling trees which obscured the view, ceased at a bridge which stood a couple of gunshots before me. Before I could reach it, I caught a glimpse of the companions. They were at the edge of the stream, a little way above the bridge—their horses were drinking. I passed onwards, but before I cleared the intervening trees and reached the bridge, they had disappeared. There was a small break in the water immediately beneath the place where they had stood. For a moment, I thought that I must have mistaken its whiteness for the white palfrey, but the glance I had got of them was too clear to have been an illusion. Yet no road led in that direction. I examined the banks on both sides of the river, but that on which I saw them was too hard to receive a hoof-print, and the opposite bank was loose shingle, which refused to retain it when made. The exceeding beauty of the maiden, the mysterious nature of her disappearance, the irritable humour into which I had worked myself by conjectures and an unavailing search, rivitted her impression upon my memory. I traversed the country telling my story, and making incessant inquiry. In vain! No one knew of such a person. The peasants began to look strangely on me, and whisper in each other's ears. I had been deluded by some Nixy. And God knows what old prophecies regarding my family were remembered, or manufactured for the occasion.

Five months passed away in vain pursuit. My pertinacity was beginning to relax, when one evening, returning from a visit to our friend Whitelee, I heard a clashing of swords on the road before me. Two fellows ran off as I rode hastily up, leaving a gentleman, who had vigorously defended himself against their joint assault. 'Are you hurt, sir?' was my first inquiry. 'I fear I am,' replied the stranger, whom I immediately recognized as the companion of the mysterious beauty. 'Can I assist you?'—He looked earnestly at me, and with an expression of hesitation on his countenance. 'Henry Scott, you are a man of honour.' He paused, and immediately resumed. 'I have no choice, and I dare trust a soldier. Lend me your arm, sir. My dwelling is not far from here.' I accompanied him, he leaned heavily upon me, for the exertion of the combat had shaken his frame, and the loss of blood weakened him. We followed the direction he indicated for nearly half an hour round the trackless base of a hill, until we came in sight of one of those old grey towers which stud our ravines.—'There,' said my companion, pointing to the ruin. I recognized it immediately. It stood not far distant from the place where he and his fair fellow-traveller had disappeared, and had often been examined by me, but always in vain.

Turning an angle of the building we approached a heap of *debris*, which in one part encumbered its base. Putting aside some tangled briers that clustered around, he showed me a narrow entry between the ruins and the wall. Passing up this, he stopped before a door, and gave three gentle knocks; it opened, and we were admitted into a rude narrow vault. It was tenanted, as I had anticipated, by his fair companion. As soon as her alarm at seeing her father return exhausted, bleeding, and in company with a stranger, was stilled, and the old man's wound dressed, he turned to explain to me the circumstances in which I found him. His story was brief. He was of good family; had killed a cadet of a noble house, and was obliged to screen himself from his resentment by darning in ruins and holes of the earth. In all his wanderings his gentle daughter had never quitted his side.

I need not weary you with the further details of our growing acquaintance. It is the common story of a young man and woman thrown frequently into each other's company in a lonely place. But oh! tame as it may appear to others, the mere memory of the three months of my life which followed is ecstacy. I saw her daily—in that untrequented spot there was small danger of intrusion, and she dared range the hill side freely. We walked, and sat, and talked together in the birchen wood beneath the tower, and we felt our love unfold itself as their leaves spread out to the advancing summer. There was no check in the tranquil progress of our affection—no jealousies, for there were none to be jealous of. Unmarked it overpowered us both. It swelled upon us like the tide of a breathless summer day, purely and noiselessly.

A few weeks ago her father took me aside, and prefacing that he had marked with pleasure our growing attachment, asked me if I had sufficient confidence in my own constancy to pledge myself to be for life an affectionate and watchful guardian of his child? He went on to say, that means of escaping from the country had been provided, and offers for promotion in the Spanish service made to him. Your own heart will suggest my answer; and I left him, charged to return after nightfall with a clergyman." Our good curate is too much attached to the family to refuse me any thing. To him I revealed my story. At midnight he united me to Ellen, and scarcely was the ceremony over when Sir James tore himself away, leaving his weeping child almost insensible in my arms.

Two gentlemen, who accompanied Sir James to the coast, were witnesses of the marriage. It was therefore unnecessary to let any of the household into the secret. You may guess their astonishment, therefore, when, having seen the curate and me ride up the solitary glen alone under the cloud of night, they saw us return in the course of a few hours with a lady who was introduced to them as their mistress. Great has been their questioning, and great has been the delight of our jolly priest to mystify them with dark hints of ruined towers, hill-sides opening, and such like. The story of the Nixy has been revived, too, and Ellen is looked on by many with a superstitious awe. I rather enjoyed the joke at first, but begin to fear, from the deep root the folly seems to have taken, it may one day bear evil fruits for my delicate girl." *

His augury of evil was well founded, but the blight fell upon his own heart. As soon as he heard of the rising in the west, he joined the royal forces at the head of his tenantry. * * His cherished one lay in the same grave with her child, before her husband could reach his home. The remembrance of what she had undergone, her loneliness amid the tempests of winter, her isolation from all friends, had so shaken her frame, that the first attack of illness snapped the thread of life. Her sufferings were comparatively short. But the widower! He sought to efface the remembrance of his loss in active service. Wherever the spirit of insubordination showed, he prayed for employment. The Presbyterians learned at last to consider him as the embodied personification of persecution. The story of his mysterious marriage got wind. He was regarded as one allied to, and acting under, the influence of unholy powers. He knew it, and in the bitterness of his heart, he rejoiced to be marked out by their fear and terror, as one who had nothing in common with them. His own misery, and this outcast feeling, made him aspire to be ranked in their minds as a destroying spirit. The young, gallant, and kind hearted soldier became the most relentless persecutor of the followers of the covenant. Even yet does his memory, and that of his fairy bride, live in the peasant's memory like a thunder-storm, gloomy and desolating, yet not without lambent flashes of more than earthly beauty."

LADY MORGAN AT HOME.

Some entertaining anecdotes of this celebrated authoress, as she appears at her own house, are related by the German Prince, already quoted.—*Atlas.*

"I spent a very pleasant evening to-day at Lady M——'s. The company was small, but amusing, and enlivened by the presence of two very pretty friends of our hostess, who sang in the best Italian style. I talked a great deal with Lady M—— on various subjects, and she has talent and feeling enough always to excite a lively interest in her conversation. On the whole, I think I did not say enough in her favor in my former letter; at any rate, I did not then know one of her most charming qualifications,—that of possessing two such pretty relatives.

The conversation fell upon her works, and she asked me how I liked her Salvator Rosa? 'I have not read it,' replied I, 'because,' (I added by way of excusing myself, 'tant bien que mal,') 'I like your fictions so much, that I did not choose to read any thing historical from the pen of the most imaginative of romance writers.' 'O, that is only a romance,' said she, 'you may read it, without any qualms of conscience.' 'Very well,' thought I; 'probably that will apply to your travels too,'—but this I kept to myself. 'Ah,' said she, 'believe me, it is only ennui that sets my pen in motion; our destiny in this world is such a wretched one that I try to forget it in writing.' (Probably the Lord Lieutenant had not invited her, or some other great personage had failed in his engagement to her, for she was quite out of spirits.)

I spend a great deal of my time with the nightingales, see Lady M—— frequently, and avoid general society as much as I can. The young ladies keep a burlesque journal, in which they write a chronicle of their daily 'fata,' illustrated with the most extravagant drawings, which is infinitely diverting. After that, we sing, talk, or act pictures, in which the mother, with her talent for the drama, contrives admirable dresses out of the most heterogeneous materials. You would have laughed if you had seen the 'wild Irish girl,' with moustaches and whiskers marked with charcoal, pocket-handkerchief and stick in her hand, come in as my caricature. These girls have an inexhaustible fund of grace and vivacity, extremely un-English, but truly Irish.

The eldest, who is eighteen, has brown eyes, and hair of a most singular kind and expression: the latter has a sort of deep golden hue without being red, and in the former is a tranquil humid glow, over which comes at times a perfectly red light like that of fire; but yet it always remains only an intense glow, not a lightning-flash like that which often glances from the eyes of the little wild girl. With her, all is flame: and under her maidenly blushes there often breaks out the determination and high spirit of a boy. Indiscreet and carried away by the impulse of the moment, she sometimes gives way to too great vivacity, which, however, from her sweet simplicity and inimitable grace, does but enhance the charm which distinguishes her. To-day, when my carriage was announced, I exclaimed with a sigh, 'Ah que cette voiture vient mal a propos!' 'Eh bien,' cried she, with the perfect air of a little hussar, (she was still in male costume) 'envoyez la au diable.' A very severe and reproving look from her mamma, and one of terror from her gentle sister, covered all of her little face, that was not concealed by her disguise, over and over with scarlet; she cast down her eyes ashamed, and looked indescribably pretty.

Lady M—— received me to-day in her authoress-boudoir, where I found her writing, not without some view to effect, elegantly dressed, and with a mother-of-pearl and gold pen in her hand. She was employed on a new book, for which she had invented a very good title, 'Memoirs of Myself and for Myself.' She asked me whether she should put 'of myself' or 'for myself' first. I decided for the former as the more natural order; for I observed she must *write* before she can *have written*. Upon this we fell into a sportive contest, in which she reproached me with my German pedantry, and maintained that hitherto 'bonnet blanc' and 'blanc bonnet'; had been the same, the justice of which I was obliged to admit. The motto she had chosen was from Montaigne, 'Je ne enseigne pas, je raconte.' She read me some passages, which I thought very good. This woman, who appears so superficial, is quite another being when she takes the pen in her hand.

She told me that she intended to go next winter to Paris, and wished to go into Germany, but that she had a great dread of the Austrian police. I advised her to go to Berlin. 'Shall not I be persecuted there?' said she. 'God forbid?' rejoined I: 'in Berlin talent is worshipped: only I advise you to take at least one of your pretty young friends, who is fond of dancing and dances, so that you may be invited to the balls at court, and may thus have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with our amiable and accomplished young military men; they are well worth knowing, and you may not find any other way of being introduced to them.' At this moment her husband entered, and begged me to get his philosophical work translated into German, that he might not figure there only as aid-de-camp to his wife, but fly with his own wings.

I dined at Lady M——'s. She had invited me by a note, such as I have received a dozen of during my stay here:—I must mention them as characteristic, for I never in life saw worse calligraphy or a more negligent style from a lady's pen. The aim of the great authoress was manifest: to announce the most perfect 'insouciance,' the most entire 'abandon,' in the affairs of ordinary life; just as the great solo dancers in Paris affect to walk with their toes turned in, that they may not betray the dancer by profession. At table Lady M——, with her aid-de-camp K. Cl——, 'faisoient les frais d'esprit oblige.' Mr. Shiel, too, appeared in the character of an agreeable man of the world. The most amusing part of the entertainment, however, was the acting of proverbs by Lady M—— and her sister, who both extemporised admirably in French. Among others, they performed 'Love me, love my dog, as follows:—

Dramatis Personæ:—Lady M——, an old coquette: Lady Clarke, an Irish 'fortune-hunter;' her eldest daughter, the French femme-de-chambre; the youngest, a Captain of the Guards, a lover of the lady. Scene the first:—Lady M—— with her maid at her toilet. Confidential advice of Josephine, in the course of which she betrays various laughable secrets of the toilet. Distress of the coquette at the first appearance of wrinkles. Assurances of the Abigail that, by candle-light, nobody can be handsomer. As a proof of this, the various lovers are adduced, and love-affairs of former times recapitulated. 'La Comtesse com-

vient de ses conquetes,' and with much humour draws a picture of her triumphs. 'Chut!' cries the waiting-maid, 'j'entends le capitaine.' This personage, an exquisite, enters with great 'fracas,' carrying a little dog under his arm, and after some tender compliments tells her that he is obliged to rejoin his regiment, and wishes to leave her his little Fidele, that the fair Countess may never forget to remain fidele to him. Burlesque protestations, sobs, embraces, farewells. Scarcely is the Captain gone, when the Irishman appears with a marriage-contract in his hand, by which the Countess is to assign over her whole fortune to him. Like a man well versed in womankind, he treats her somewhat cavalierly, though with a display of passion, so that after a feeble defence and a little scene, she consents. Meanwhile the Irishman observes the little dog, and asks with some surprise whose it is. She stammers out a sort of apologetic answer. O'Connor MacFarlane now plays the part of the infuriate jealous lover. The woman vainly attempts to appease him; and he storms, insists on the instant dismissal of the intruder. The Countess makes an attempt to faint,—but all is in vain: even Josephine, who, during the discussion of the marriage contract, has just received a purse behind her mistress's back, takes the part of the incensed Irishman, who with one hand holds back his lady, and with the other at length throws the unfortunate little dog out at the door. But, alas! at this very moment the Captain returns to bring the collar which he had forgotten, and Fidele jumps into his arms. The terrified women take to flight; the men measure each other with their eyes. O'Connor MacFarlane utters dreadful menaces. But the Captain draws his sword, and his antagonist jumps out at the window. The skeleton is meagre; but the spirit humor, and wit, by which it was filled out rendered it extremely entertaining. The imperfections of the costume made it only more piquant. The ladies, for instance, had put on a coat and waistcoat over their own dresses, and stuck a hat on their heads; their swords were riding whips, and Fidele a muff.'

A LEGEND OF GALWAY.

The German Prince, from whose new work we quoted the notice of Mr. O'Connell, in a late Atlas, gives the narrative subjoined, as a prominent incident in the annals of Galway. We suppose, on such authority, we must give it credence.—*ib.*

"In an obscure corner of the town stands a house of extreme antiquity, over the door of which are still to be seen a skull and cross-bones, remarkably well sculptured in black marble. This house is called 'the cross-bones,' and its tragical history is as follows. In the fifteenth century, James Lynch, a man of old family and great wealth, was chosen mayor of Galway *for life*, an office which was then nearly equal to that of a sovereign in power and influence. He was reverenced for his inflexible rectitude, and loved for his condescension and mildness. But yet more beloved—the idol of the citizens and their fair wives—was his son, according to the chronicle, one of the most distinguished young men of his time. To perfect manly beauty and the most noble air, he united that cheerful temper, that considerate familiarity, which subdues while it seems to flatter; that attaching grace of manner, which conquers all hearts without an effort, by its mere natural charm. On the other hand, his self-devoted patriotism, his high-hearted generosity, his romantic courage, and complete mastery in all warlike exercises forming part of an education singular in his age and country, secured to him the permanency of an esteem which his first aspect involuntarily bespoke. So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty temper, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had his stern father, although proud of such a son, cause for bitter reproof, and for yet more anxious solicitude about the future. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth, as quick to repent as to err, and who never for a moment failed in love and reverence to himself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appeared to him, as they did to all others, only spots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquillised by the vehement and tender attachment which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union as the fulfilment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise. While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the heart of the present object of his love than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadiz; for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable sea-ports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment nowise unworthy even of men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired 'in what part of Galway Ireland lay?' After James Lynch had delegated his authority to trusty hands, and prepared every thing for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went, success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant named Gomez, towards whom his noble heart conceived the liveliest gratitude. It happened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family and the darling of his native city, though in character, as well as in external appearance, entirely different from him. Both were handsome; but Edward's was the beauty of the haughty and breathing Apollo; Gonsalvo's of the serene and mild St. John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers; the other like a fragrant rose-covered knoll threatened by the storm. The pagan virtues adorned the one; Christian gentleness and humility the other. Gonsalvo's graceful person exhibited more softness than energy; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love than boldness and pride; a soft melancholy overshadowed his countenance, and an air of voluptuous suffering quivered about his swelling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gentle wave gliding over pearls and coral. His mind corresponded to such a person: loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more internal than external activity, he preferred solitude to the bustle and tumult of society, but attached himself with the strongest affection to those who treated him with kindness and friendship. His inmost heart was thus warmed by a fire which, like that of a volcano buried too deep to break out at the surface, is only seen in the increased verdure of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm even out of the hand of Edward Lynch? But Edward's father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude to his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offer was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed; and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclinations of the young people favoured the project, their union should take place at the same time with Edward's, after which they should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo, who was just nineteen, accompanied the revered friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see; the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate; the new sort of existence of unknown people with whom he was to be connected; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him, perhaps, a too partial description. Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers, and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travellers; and when at length they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the unvarying gentleness of the amiable youth would have on Edward's darker and more vehement character. This hope appeared likely to be completely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gomez that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature as it were completed by his society; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him as a brother, their friendship soon ripened into the warmest and most sincere affection. But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings arose in Edward's mind to trouble this harmony. Gonsalvo had become the husband of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He was become the object of general admiration, attention, and love. Edward felt that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could not conceal from himself that he had found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully, what wounded his heart no less than his pride, what prepared for him intolerable and restless torments, was the perception, which every day confirmed, that Anna, whom he looked upon as his—though she still refused to confess her love,—that *his* Anna had, ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger, grown colder and colder towards himself. Nay, he even imagined that in unguarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighed down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gomez, and a faint blush then pass over her pale cheek; but if his eye met hers, this soft bloom suddenly became the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered; capricious, humoursome, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear-minded, serene, and equal-tempered girl she had always appeared. Every thing betrayed to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion; and for whom?—for whom could it be but for Gomez?—for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost cords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved; and now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her, to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes, and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation: and when he at length saw enkindled in Gomez—so little capable of concealment—the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna; when he thought he saw his sister neglected and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom—he stood at that point of human infirmity, of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness or the condition of a still-accountable creature. On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gomez, wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well-known side-door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments. At the horrible certainty which now glared upon him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul: his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst his veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognised him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burying his dagger a hundred times, with strokes like lightning flashes, in the quivering body, gashed with satanic rage the beautiful features which had robbed him of his beloved, and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him,—the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once beloved friend, the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it,—that he waked with horror, as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgment was at hand. Led by the instinct of self-preservation, he fled, like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long he wandered there he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness,—for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable sufferings of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death. Meanwhile the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth, who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger, steeped in blood, had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, shewed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognised as Edward's; and as he was no where to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murdered by his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hands. We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when, at break of day, Edward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, living, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound. We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowd,—the feelings of the father we *cannot* imagine,—when, restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment. He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his own father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest-troubled sea, they filled the market-place and the streets, and forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries the opening of the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people;—only the foreign guard held out,—and all demanded with furious cries the instant liberation of the criminal. At this, the inflexible magistrate took a resolution, which many will call inhuman, but whose awful self-conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of stoical firmness. Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son; and when, with newly-awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens, Edward sunk at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? The old man replied with unfaltering voice, 'No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you; your life is irrevocably forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One-and-twenty years I have prayed for your earthly happiness,—but that is past,—turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us now kneel down together and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter;—but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father, will at least know how to die worthy of him.' With these words he rekindled the noble pride of the once dauntless youth, and after a short prayer, he surrendered himself, with heroic resignation to his father's pitiless will. As the people, and the greater part of the armed mingled in their ranks, now prepared, amidst more wild and furious menaces, to storm the prison, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side with the halter round his neck. 'I have sworn,' exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, 'that Gonsalvo's murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of the executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers, that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it.' While he spoke these works, he had made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim. As if struck by a thunder-clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death-like silence, and every man glided, as if stunned, to his own house. From that moment the mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but that of his own family. He never left his home till he was carried from it to his grave. Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families in course of time disappeared from the earth; but the skull and cross-bones still mark the scene of this fearful tragedy.'

From Deane's "History of Scituate."

FAMILY SKETCHES.

Rev. Mr. Henry Dunster. This Rev. Minister arrived in Boston in 1640, and was chosen President of Harvard College in August of that year, a man (says a contemporary Historian) learned, considerable, and industrious, who has so trained up his pupils in the tongues and arts and so seasoned them in the principles of divinity and christianity that we have to our great comfort and in truth beyond our hopes, beheld their progress in learning, and godliness also. He continued in the presidency about 14 years with great acceptance to the pupils and likewise to the overseers, save in one point. In the controversy of that day, he sided in opinion with those who opposed infant baptism, yet (as Mather observes) he filled the overseers with uneasy fears, lest the students by his means should come to be ensnared—they honored him for his learning and excellent spirit and labored with extreme agony to rescue the good man from his mistakes. But finding it impracticable they did quietly procure his removal in 1654, when he immediately repaired to Scituate, and was employed in the ministry nearly five years and died in 1659; he left but few printed works. There is a monument of his literary labors in the New-England psalms, which were sung for nearly a century in some of the churches, this translation was printed at Cambridge in 1640 and was the united labor of the Rev. Thomas Weld and John Elliot, ministers of Roxbury, and Richard Mather of Dorchester, but afterwards it was thought that a little more art was to be employed upon them, and they were committed to Mr. Dunster who *revised* and *refined* this translation. We cannot but wonder what the work could have been at first, since that which was used in the churches until 1700 and indeed subsequently, is called a *refined translation*. But this was before Milton's works were much read, and before Dryden and Pope had exemplified how capable was the English language of the rythm and melody of verse.

Rev. Mr. William Witherell arrived here previous to 1634, and kept a Grammar School at Charlestown in 1645—and removed to Duxbury in 1638—and in 1644 affairs at Scituate had become ripened for the settlement of a Minister in the 2d Church. Mr. Witherell being of the moderate party as it regarded the refusal to commune with the Members of the Church of England, and also an advocate for infant sprinkling, and withal an educated and worthy man, was invited to preach, and made himself so acceptable to Mr. Vassall and the rest of Mr. Chauncy's opponents, (Mr. Chauncy was President of Harvard College in 1654,) that he was ordained Pastor in 1645 and died in 1684. An anecdote is handed down by tradition, which may serve to illustrate the manner of conducting his Ministry, and in short, the prevailing manner in those times. Mr. Bryant entered the Church after the services had commenced, and Mr. Witherell at the close of his prayer thus addressed him: "Neighbor Bryant, it is to your reproach that you have disturbed the worship by entering late, living as you do within a mile of this place, and especially so, since here is goody Barstow, who has milked seven cows, made a cheese, and walked five miles to the house of God in season."

Rev. Mr. Nathaniel Eells was born in 1678 graduated at Harvard in 1699; married at Hingham to Hannah North, who was aunt to Lord North, Prime Minister of England during the American Revolution; and settled at the second Church in 1704. He had an influence and authority amongst his people that none of his successors have exercised, and which may have been a peculiarity of earlier times than these. The Quakers had become quiescent, and Whitfield's New Light was kept out of his Society by the determined stand which he took; besides, the times were prosperous and happy. There is no man of eminence who does not suffer detraction for the very reason that he is eminent. It has often been told of Mr. Eells, that in his simplicity he one day directed his scholars to dig for a thunderbolt at the foot of a tree where the lightning had made an excavation. We have no doubt that Mr. Eells had disciplined himself to an extraordinary self command. His less placid partner (whose name had been North) did not so well endure the disagreeable events of life, and when chafed with

family vexations, she would say, "It is wonderful that so good a man as my husband should have such wayward children." He would pleasantly reply, "True, but you seem to be sensible that the mischief lies in the *North* side of the family."

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1832.

CHOLERA NOT CONTAGIOUS.

Great fears prevail in our seaports, lest the Indian or Spasmodic Cholera should be brought hither in ships; and quarantine regulations are instituted to prevent its admission. That it may cross the Atlantic, by a natural progress westward, is not impossible; but that it is not contagious, we have the clearest proofs from a variety of sources. The last Journal of Health contains an article in which some of these proofs are embodied; and the substance of which is given below.

From the reports of the British hospitals in India, it appears, that those in attendance upon the sick very generally escaped the disease, which is a very strong proof of its non-contagious character. At Nagpoor, says the Bengal report, the medical staff remained for several days, night and day, in the hospitals, and yet all escaped. In the Hospital of the Royals, says the Madras report, *only one individual out of one hundred and one attendants was attacked.* In the general hospital in India, it is stated, that the friends and relations of the sick, who, by assisting the patients into and out of the bath, and every other way, were thereby exposed to the attacks of the disease, whether it be conveyed through the medium of an infected atmosphere or by the touch, were in no instance affected.

"The governor of the island of Bourbon, when informed of the occurrence of the epidemic in the neighboring island of Mauritius, took immediately every precaution to cut off the communication; but in defiance of the most rigorous quarantine, the disease made its appearance among the inhabitants of Bourbon.

"The strictly epidemic character of the cholera is evinced in its occurrence on board of ships at sea, that had not touched at any place where it was prevalent. Troops, also, were attacked on a march through an open country, and officers in their boats on the Ganges, far from any source of contagion."

Facts respecting the cholera in Persia, as well as in India, likewise prove that it is not contagious. Dr. Cormick states that the persons composing the family of the Persian prince quitted Tabriz during the prevalence of the epidemic in that city; but carried with them the seeds of the disease, and continued to be attacked from four to six a day, for about ten days; but *not a single person of the villages through which they passed, or where they slept, took the disease.*

In Europe, as far as the cholera has prevailed, the proofs are the same. The fact of the disease not spreading among the attendants of the sick is confirmed by the official report of the extraordinary committee of physicians assembled at Moscow, by order of the Emperor. They state, that "at the opening of bodies of persons who have died of the cholera, to the minute inspection of which four hours a day for nearly a month were devoted, neither of those who attended to these dissections, nor any of the assisting physicians, nor any of the attendants, caught the disease; although, with the exception of the first day, scarcely any precautions were used."

"During two months that the disease prevailed at Orenburg, and two hundred and ninety nine patients were admitted into the military hospital, the personal attendants on the sick remained entirely exempt from the disease. They consisted in all of twenty-seven persons; and their duties were to perform blood-letting, apply leeches, poultices and frictions, and to administer baths and the like, so that they were compelled to be constantly breathing the exhalations from the bodies and clothes of the sick, as well as to handle and touch them. The same immunity was enjoyed by certain officers and subalterns who lived in this hospital, were in the sick wards once a day, and at other times were in constant communication with the hospital assistants and pupils. The washer-women of the hospital likewise escaped, who, it is well known, are extremely apt to suffer from diseases actually contagious."

From the preceding accounts the reader can scarcely fail of being convinced of the utter non-contagiousness of the Spasmodic Cholera; but if stronger proofs are demanded, take the following, derived from the same source:

"Dr. Albers, in his report to the Prussian government, observes, that in Moscow there have been cases fully authenticated, where nurses, to quiet timid females laboring under the disease, have shared their beds during the night, and that they, notwithstanding, have escaped uninjured, in the same manner as physicians in hospitals have, without any bad consequence, made use of the warm water which, but a few moments before, had served as a bath for patients laboring under the cholera.

"But more conclusive facts still remain to be told, to prove that the cholera is not contagious. The official report of the medical committee, established by the Emperor at Moscow, states, that a physician who had received several wounds in dissecting the bodies of those who had fallen victims to the cholera, continued his operations, having merely touched the injured parts with caustic. He did not contract the disease. A drunken invalid, an assistant in dissections, having also wounded himself, had an abscess, which doubtless showed the pernicious action of the dead flesh, but the cholera did not attack him. Dr. Foy, an eminent physician at Warsaw, in a letter to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, states, that he exposed himself in every manner to the infection; he infused into his own veins the blood of an individual who was dying of cholera; inhaled the breath of patients suffering under the disease; and even tasted the matter ejected from their stomachs, without sustaining any injury from the experiment beyond a slight nausea and head-ache."

From the above statements it may be seen, how useless and absurd are all quarantine regulations for the prevention of the cholera. They are injurious to the interests of commerce, without being beneficial to the health of our citizens. Our city authorities might with as much propriety expect to keep off the east wind, or the comet, by a quarantine, as the cholera.

The cholera, like the influenza and other epidemics, no doubt depends upon some peculiar state of the atmosphere, the precise qualities of which are, however, unknown. But certain circumstances, which tend to aggravate the disease, and to give it its most frightful character, are well established. These are a crowded population, poverty, filth, intemperance, and debauchery; together with such moral and intellectual causes as debase the character and enervate the mind.

In India, says the Journal of Health, the mortality was just in the ratio of the lowness of the population. Resigning themselves, with slavish fears, to a death which they conceived inevitable, they neither asked nor allowed of the administration of the means of relief. In China, the disease selected its victims from among such of the people as lived in filth and intemperance. "Every where in Europe," says Hawkins, "the lower orders have been the chief sufferers." At Warsaw, the Committee of Health announced, that very few persons of easy condition have been attacked, and that the disease has expended its chief ravages on the poorer inhabitants of the low and thickly peopled quarter of the city, near the Vistula. Among the Russian soldiers, whose habits are disgustingly filthy, and whose skin is in many instances covered with dirt of more than a line in thickness, the disease has in general terminated fatally. Dr. Jœnichin of Moscow, declares that drunkenness, debauchery, bad food, and personal indiscretions, were incontestibly its predisposing causes. A physician of Warsaw states, that the disease spared all those who led regular lives, and resided in healthy situations; whereas they, whose constitutions had been broken down by excess and dissipation, were invariably attacked. *Out of one hundred individuals who had been destroyed by the cholera, it was proved that ninety had been addicted to the free use of spirituous liquors.* The females, who are rarely given to the use of these liquors, very generally escaped.

It is not difficult to infer from the above facts, what sort of precautionary measures are likely to be of most essential service; and these, as every reader must perceive, will consist in temperance, cleanliness, wholesome diet, airy situations, cheerfulness of mind, and purity of life.

"ALL TALK AND NO CIDER."

Whence originated this wise and expressive proverb, we cannot tell. That is to say, we know not what happy individual, coterie, town, county, state, or nation, had the honor of first giving it birth. One thing, however, we opine, namely, that it originated in some country where the inhabitants drink cider; and where, as in hospitality bound, they are always expected to invite their guests to partake their beverage.

Now it is very observable among the farmers, particularly in New England, that at whatever time of day strangers or acquaintance call, they invite them to drink cider. And yet we believe it is not peculiarly an eastern phrase. However that may be—to talk and drink cider, to drink cider and talk, are alternations of a very common, as well as a very agreeable, character. Talk prepares the way for cider; and cider promotes talk. Their reciprocal effect is excellent. Neither of them would do so well alone.

But all talk, and no cider, is at best but dry business; and hence, probably, originated the ingenious and expressive saying, wherewith we have headed this article. Some Hunks might think to amuse his guest with a world of chat, and keep his cider safe in the cellar. But after talking till his mouth was dry, the guest would naturally exclaim, if he dared express his thoughts in words—"*All talk and no cider!*"

Indeed this expression, or something like it, might well be applied to a great part of the wordy exercises of this babbling world. Ever since the tower *Babel* was built, and men's tongues were incontinently let loose, there has been an immense deal of *babble* to no purpose; or, in the words of our motto, All talk and no cider.

Parliaments, Congresses, and Legislative bodies generally, have their full share of this wordy dryness. Whenever their members make speeches without sense, or without end; but merely to hear themselves talk, and increase their period of pay: it may be said, so far as states and nations are concerned, to be All talk and no cider.

The bar also affords a great deal of this thirsty babble. When the lawyer pleads two hours without coming within gunshot of the case; or labors four hours, and all in vain, to render a plain matter obscure; his client has very great reason to exclaim—All talk and no cider!

Even the pulpit, which should distil like the dews of Hermon, and aye have some drop of comfort for the thirsty pilgrim, is not without its doughty verbiage. When the reverend occupant labors for hours to prove or disprove what is self-evident; or to throw light upon those things which no mortal reason can comprehend: his hearers will be sadly tempted to say—in the words of our text—All talk and no cider.

But the driest babble perhaps in the world, is the chit-chat of fashionable parties, where all talk merely for the sake of talking; and where every gentleman says the same things to every lady, and every lady the same things to every gentleman—namely, the theatre, the streets, the weather—the weather, the streets, the theatre. How would a by-listener exclaim—All talk and no cider!

But these are but a few of the many instances of the exceeding dry use of speech. All empty compliments, all unmeaning professions, all lying promises, all empty threats, all vain blustering, all windy boasting, are but so many illustrations of the truth and aptness of the wise proverb we have quoted—All talk and no cider.

But here we will put an end to this article, lest some Sancho Panza, or other merciless handler of proverbs, should quote our own text against us; and say—This is *All talk and no cider.*

GOOD BUTTER.

We know not whether we shall be excused for applying the epithet *good* to aught that passes by the name of butter in the city of New-York. If not, we beg pardon of our readers.

It is not our intention to indite a long chapter on good butter; because it may easily be despatched in a short one; and because we would not excite ideas in the minds of our city readers, which cannot conveniently be satisfied.

We shall not enter into the whole process, nor enumerate all the requisites for making good butter; but content ourselves with naming two things of essential importance: The first is, that it should be divested of every drop of buttermilk; the second, that it should not be too much salted.

These two rules should be observed for two very substantial reasons. One is, that the presence of buttermilk, or a superabundance of salt, spoils the butter. The other is, that few purchasers are willing to pay the same price per pound for buttermilk, or for extra salt, that they do for the butter itself.

Here is too much loss. Plenty of buttermilk and of salt may be had for two pence per pound. What purchaser then would willingly pay two shillings? Their being sold under the name of butter, does not in the least improve their quility. Indeed, for our own part, we should much prefer them separate.

Both of these things are bad enough; but the overdose of salt is the worst. Among all unpleasant eatables, it is the most unpleasant. It grits between your teeth like gravel in a buckwheat cake; it makes your lips smart, and your mouth dry and thirsty; it destroys utterly the naturally fine and sweet flavor of the butter; and lastly, it makes you almost swear whilst you are eating it, and wish the devil had the dairy-woman.

When Dean Swift's cook brought him up a joint of meat too much roasted, he bade her take it down and roast it less.

"Roast it less!" exclaimed she, lifting up her hands and staring with real Irish wonder—"how shall I roast it less, master dear? there's no such thing as doing a piece of meat less when it is done too much."

"No! But you could do it more if it were done too little?"

"And to be sure I could."

"Always remember then not to cook a thing too much; since it is a fault which you cannot mend."

The anecdote of the Dean, the roast meat and the cook, the substance of which I have here given, is excellent, and should be remembered by every dairy-woman. They should be careful, if they must err, to do it on the safe side; to salt their butter too little, rather than too much.

We grant there is a profit in selling salt at two shillings per pound, when it may be purchased for two pence. But on the other hand we assure them that they would sell a great deal more butter, if they put in a great deal less salt. And then the name of being a good dairy-woman—it is better than precious ointment—and infinitely to to be valued beyond any consideration of gain which may arise from the petty arts of low and dishonest dealing.

Premiums have been awarded by agricultural societies for the best specimens of butter. But a better premium than these is ever to be found in the market, where butter of a fine quality is sure to command a ready sale and a generous price. Mrs. Such-a-one is known to make the best of butter. Her name in the market is like that of a merchant on 'Change, whose credit was never blown upon. Mrs. Such-a-one's butter—all eyes are in search of it—all mouths water for it.

The Goshen people value themselves on their manufacture of butter. And to show their prevailing taste or pursuit, the bills of their bank are made to look as if they had passed through a keg of yellow butter. They are in excellent credit; and are denominated, by way of distinction, the *Buttered Bills.*

It is in some measure the fault of the purchasers, when there is much bad butter brought to market; and it is in their power to produce a change for the better. Let them wholly eschew—and not chew at all—the bad article. Let them refuse to purchase that which is one-fourth buttermilk and one-fourth salt; and it will no more be brought to market.

There is an old saw, which, as every body knows, runs thus: "What cannot be cured, must be endured." This is quite too tame; especially for the present age of reform. We beg leave to amend it, as thus: What cannot be endured, must be cured.

A SHAKE IN MUSIC.

Jo Gunn, like many another one,
In music was a screamer;
So glib his tongue on music run,
It might be called a streamer.

No wonder that a lad like Jo
Should be on singing bent;
He had a voice like any crow,
Which Nature she had lent.

He'd raise the music-notes sublime,
He'd give them rapid fall;
In keeping tune he deemed that time
Was sadly wasted all.

But chief the genius of Jo Gunn
Lay in the music's shake;
He had a method all his own
To give the quav'ring quake.

He shook his hands, he shook his head,
He shook his feet and all;
Then breaking forth in triumph, said,
"That is a shake, by gaul!"

THE COMET—A REASON FOR NEGLECTING STUDY. A little girl, at one of the schools in this city, recently asked to be excused from getting her lesson.

"Excused!" said the mistress, "on what account? Are you not well?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm well enough; but I don't think there's any use in learning this hard lesson, if the comet is to burn us all up in June."

HOGG'S SONGS.—We are informed by Mr. Stodart, No. 6 Cortlandt-Street, that he has in press, and will publish in a few days, Hogg's Songs, a work which has become scarce and much called for in the country.

POUNDTEXT AND SNORTGRACE.—It is not our intention to permit these *Reverendi* to make an arena of our paper whereon to engage in bitter dispute. And we have admitted the communication of the latter, merely as a call for information, as they say in Congress, and no doubt penned in all good fellowship, such as it becometh one clerical brother to exercise towards another.

☞ No Communication, coming by mail, will be inserted in this paper, unless the postage be paid.

For the Constellation.

"NO EAR FOR MUSIC."

Last Sunday morning, when looking over some newspapers to find something readable, my eye accidentally hit upon the above caption, which I found to be in a paper called the Constellation—the article itself, as your correspondent says, having first appeared in the New England Galaxy, some six or seven years ago. Being myself one of that "tasteless class of beings," as my good landlady calls me, who have "no ear for music," you must imagine that I felt very much interested in perusing this article. I commenced reading aloud, to convince my fellow boarders that I was not the only person in the world who had "no ear for music." But here the good landlady interfered. She wished me to consider that there were other gentlemen in the room who were engaged in reading on different subjects in different papers—such as Revivals from the New York Observer, &c.—and censured me for my want of politeness. I took her reproof all in good part, as she is in the habit of being rather plain with me. But I was determined not to be driven off from my ground from what she said merely. So I put the question, "Those who are in favor of my reading the article 'No Ear for Music,' aloud, will signify the same by saying *Ay*." Not a syllable was uttered. "Those of the contrary opinion, No." "No," belched out the fair lady whom I have before spoken of; and the question was lost by one vote. I then read the article to myself—with what degree of pleasure I cannot well describe. The ideas of "D." suited my case to a "T." In the strictest sense of the word, we are two Dromios in feeling. Although I did not adopt the same course as he did by visiting the Frog Ponds, yet I adopted another one not less singular.

It so happened, that directly opposite the house where I was brought up, in the good old city of Hartford, a certain Society met, three, four, and sometimes five and six times per week, at particular seasons of the year, for the sake of improving or rather instructing the young folks of the Parish in Sacred Music. As I had the honor of being one of the number, my parents requested me by all means to attend "Singing School"—notwithstanding I told them I had neither voice nor "ear for music." But go I must, and go I did, for one night—which was the first and the last. When my turn came, I was called up by the master to raise and fall the eight notes with him. He commenced, and I chimed in. "Stop," said he, "you are too high." I then tried to lower my voice, and made such an awful groaning as to make every person in the room titter. This greatly embarrassed me, as there were several fine looking young ladies there, and many of my old school companions, by whom I did not wish to be made a "laughing stock." "Try again," said the singing master. I did so, but with no better success. Another titter. "Silence!" said he, in a stentorian voice, and the room was so still that you might hear the dropping of a pin. "Try once more with me," said the old man, not a little vexed with my stupidity and tastelessness for music. I did so, and was no more successful than before. At length he told me that I evidently had "no ear for music," and I "cleared like a whitehead." But the Singing School was continued in a room directly opposite to where I lodged—and no one but myself can tell how much I was annoyed by it. Although I did not stuff my ears with sealing wax to avoid the noise, yet I closed all the windows, window shutters and doors, to be free from it; and on one occasion, at the suggestion of a friend, procured eight full grown cats—tied a string to each of their tails, and by pulling one at a time, got the eight different sounds requisite for good music.

As for dancing at parties, although frequently invited, I never had the courage to try it, but was too proud to acknowledge that I did not know how to dance. My excuses were, that my boots hurt my feet—my slippers had gone to be mended—or I had corns on my toes.

As for military, I did turn out one day as a "high private," but my fellow soldiers who marched by my side, said that I walked along like a cow, and begged of the Captain to change either their or my place, that they might be able to keep step. Strange as it may appear, I have since been promoted to the office of Second Lieutenant in Col. Geib's Regiment; and will endeavor, when I get rid of the confounded rheumatism that is hanging about me, to discharge my duty faithfully till my term of service expires, even if I have "no ear for music."

Your correspondent "D." whom I suppose to be the author of the article which first appeared in the Galaxy, has my most sincere wishes for his prosperity and happiness. I hail him as a brother. And although Shakspeare says, "Let no such man be trusted," yet, if I knew him, I would trust him with all the coppers I have got about me—which are just Forty-one.

FRANKLIN.

TO POUNDTEXT.

Sir,—As the remarks of so learned a person are entitled to great consideration, I wish to propose to you a few queries suggested by your homily of last week, in the resolving of which you will doubtless edify others as well as myself. There is a certain opacity in your phraseology, which argues, as Dr. Channing would say, "a largeness of thought," and is a distinguishing trait of great divines, from St. Augustine to the reverend gentleman above mentioned. Firstly, then, is it your meaning that zeal for the welfare of others, or of mankind in general, is distinguishable from the social quality which unites men together for their common benefit?—If so, will you resolve me of what importance an individual is in society who attends to no one's concerns but his own; or indeed whether in the nature of things an individual *can* attend to his own concerns *solely*? For what end does the lawyer or physician labor? For his own emolument doubtless; but is not that emolument the reward of services rendered to *others*?—In truth I am inclined to suspect your argument to be nothing more than irony so profound as to be apparent only "*acutis naribus*"—an expression which seems to suppose, that wit like some comparisons are "odorous." One might be surprized that a person of your grave character should indulge in facetiousness, which in the language of Solomon, who had some experience in this way, is like "dead flies in an apothecary's ointment."

Being myself altogether in favor of sober argument, either from a certain hebetude of disposition, or, as I persuade myself from a certain clearness of judgment which does not require the test of truth, as ridicule has sometimes been called, to make a subject clear, I should be glad to hear from you some reason why *gratuitous* service, rendered to a man in reclaiming him from a vicious habit, is not equally or more meritorious than the cutting off an unsound limb by a surgeon for *certain profits and rewards*.

Secondly, I will inquire of you wherein associations, formed for the purpose of effecting particular objects, are liable to censure, if the same objects might be lawfully pursued by an individual. Among all the associations with which this country is so prodigally endowed, where is there one bearing marks of resemblance to the Covenanters of whom you have made mention. Theirs was a combination for political purposes, leavened indeed by religious frenzy, at least as we are told by an English tory historian, whose authority has of late years been questioned. The associations of the present day are like the Roman colleges, which required only three members, and might be constituted for any purpose, domestic or public. Our societies perhaps require four, to wit, a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. Societies have heretofore been formed for each particular object of human life, and the whole of those objects have been combined into one by an institution for which no adequate name has yet been found in the vocabulary of titles, but which will probably when better known receive the appellation of the "Encyclopedic Society," unless some more comprehensive term can be devised.

Now, Rev. Sir, I am not informed that it is the plan of any of these societies to do aught more than to congregate together at stated periods, and to hear repeated, "*ex cathedra*," what was known to each individual before—there being a manifest benefit in hearing in this public manner what was before only matter of private information; and besides, wholesome exhortation is to weak members like the armor of Saul in going forth against the Philistines.

Lastly, I must beg to be informed how a strict examination of the character of any one can occasion detriment to that individual, if his character be not open to censure—a presumption which I will not make against yours, as you have alleged no injury. The morals of young men, who have no other aim than to be noted for wit or other worldly accomplishments, will be none the worse for supervision. But how, learned Sir, can there be occasion for the espionage which has called forth your indignation, when the very matters of which report is made, such as the use of ardent spirits, attendance at theatres, &c. are transacted in the face of the whole public, or by their effects must be made public? Indeed, Sir, to conceal such vices is like concealing want of wisdom. "A foolish man's wisdom faileth him while he walketh by the way, and he saith to every one he is a fool."

Next to being upright ourselves, I hold it our duty to constrain others to be so—and if Job, who boasted that he had "not kept silence for fear of multitudes or the contempt of families," did yet tremble when called upon by the voice from the whirlwind "to gird up his loins like a man, and to answer," how shall we be justified, if we lift not up our voices against every vice, although we should therefore be held by younger men in derision?

NASICORN SNORTGRACE.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NO. III.

William III. Reserved and retired, he seldom shewed himself to his people, nor loved to have the nobility and gentry surround him. In battle fearless and animated, elsewhere slow and languid. He possessed no genius, yet penetrating. Watching others, he discovered their minds without permitting them to dive into his thoughts. In religion, a Protestant, not much regarding the forms of it, but liking that which had equality of preferment best. Like most heroes he was a fatalist.—With few requisites to charm, William was tenderly beloved by the queen. He was not incapable of friendship. Though steady in his aversions, he had no revenge. Frugal as Stadtholder, he was lavish as King. This was complained of, particularly as his profusion was in favor of foreigners. More admired than beloved, more respected than esteemed. He wanted the brilliant features of the hero; he had courage, but it was of that quality which is greater in bearing defeat than in gaining a triumph. His end was hastened by intemperance. In the morning he took spirits; in the evening he poured out frequent libations. He loved state; and exacted obedience to his person more by his dignity than by his easy condescension. In the heat of battle an oath would sometimes escape him; at other times he was accurate, and was displeased if he heard an irreverent use of holy names. Regularity was expected in all departments of his palace; becoming hasty, at last he grew peevish; and he did not spare bitter words, and even manual correction amongst his valets, and the inferior attendants upon his person:—for he was not without his weaknesses. In his person he was tall and thin: his frame was never strong; this occasioned a stooping in his shoulders: his complexion was dark, his hair brown. His face was neither beautiful nor manly; his nose was aquiline; his forehead large; his eyes bright and sparkling, which illumined a face otherwise grave and repulsive. He had very fine hands. He had a great memory; but he knew little of history, and still less of poetry. He loved gardening in the Dutch mode, and injured, in that respect, the national taste. All the fine arts were unknown, unfelt, unprotected, and unpatronized by him. —*Noble's Contin. Grainger's Biog. Hist.*

Curious Ring. The Marquis de Voyer d'Argenson maintained, for many years, Mademoiselle Jehan, an actress at Ormeo, in Touraine, his country seat. She died, and as christian burial was not then allowed to players, the Marquis had her body burnt, and reduced to ashes, in a case of *amyanthe* (*asbestos*). As he was a great lover of chemistry, the idea then occurred to him of subjecting the ashes to the action of fire. By this process a small quantity of glass was produced, which he sent to his jeweller, with instructions to make him two rings, which was accordingly done. One of these rings was in the possession of the late M. de la Borde, Chamberlain to Louis XVI. It appeared of common green glass.

Duchess of Queensbury and Sir George Warren. The Duchess of Queensbury of eccentric memory, at an evening assembly at her own house, wanted to get rid of the late Sir George Warren, who was one of the company. Rude hints from such a personage went for nothing;—perhaps they might be interpreted as favor. To make her meaning perfectly understood, she desired a servant to bring a broom and follow him, sweeping till the annoyance should be intolerable, and thus she effected her purpose. To have been affronted, or to have shown any resentment, would have been almost to condescend to a level with a person so privileged.—*Miss Hawkins' Anecdotes.*

Three young men of the college of St. Germain, who had just completed their course of studies, knowing no person about the court, and having heard that strangers were always well treated there, resolved to dress themselves completely in the Armenian costume, and, thus clad, to present themselves to see the grand ceremony of the reception of several knights of the order *La St. Esprit*. Their stratagem met with all the success with which they had flattered themselves. While the procession was passing through the long mirror gallery, the Swiss of the apartments placed them in the first row of spectators, recommending every one to pay all possible attention to the strangers. The latter, however, were so imprudent as to enter the bull's eye, where were M. M. Cardonne and Ruffin, interpreters of oriental languages, and the first clerk of the consul's department, whose business it was to attend to every thing which related to the natives of the East, who were in France. The three collegians were immediately surrounded and questioned by these gentlemen; at first in Romaic, or modern Greek. Without being the least disconcerted, they made signs that they did not understand it. They were then addressed in Turkish and Arabic: till at length, one of the interpreters, losing all patience, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you certainly must understand some of the languages in which you have been addressed; what country can you possibly come from, then?" "From St. Germain-en-Laye," replied the boldest among them. "This, sir, is the first time you have put the question to us in French." They then confessed the motive of their disguise; the eldest was not more than eighteen years of age. The king, (Louis XV.) was informed of the affair. He laughed heartily; ordered them a few hours confinement, and a good admonition; after which they were to be set at liberty.—*Mad. Campan's Memoires de Marie Antoinette.*

Pictorial Effect. In the church of St. Peter, at Cologne, there is an altarpiece by Reubens, of the Crucifixion of the Apostle. Strangers who visit this church, and whose expectations have been highly raised, are at first sadly disappointed; but on their attention being suddenly diverted to some other object, the picture is turned in the frame, and all the perfections of the great artist's genius break upon the view. The first exhibition is a copy on the back of the original picture, by a modern painter; and the illusion is practised to increase the effect of the performance, of which the professors are so justly proud.

Leonardo da Vinci. He had made a book of studies, drawn with red chalk, and touched with a pen, with great diligence, of such subjects as Marc Antonio de la Torre, an excellent philosopher of that day, had dissected. And concerning those from part to part, he wrote remarks in letters of an ugly form, which are written by the left hand backwards, and not to be understood but by those who know the method of reading them; for they are not to be read without a looking-glass.—*Vassare's Lives of the Painters.*

These drawings are preserved in the great collection of original drawings of his late majesty, George III., where Dr. Hunter was permitted to examine them. "I expected," said Dr. H., "to see little more than such designs in anatomy as might be useful to the painter in his own profession; but I saw, and, indeed, with astonishment, that Leonardo had been a general and a deep student. When I consider what pains he has taken upon every part of the body, the superiority of his universal genius, his particular excellence in mechanics and hydraulics, and the attention with which such a man would examine and see objects which he was to draw, I am fully persuaded that Leonardo was the best anatomist at that time in the world.

Prince Caraccioli, who was condemned to death by the hasty sentence of a court-martial, for having served, though by compulsion, under the revolutionary government established at Naples by the French, was in pursuance of that sentence, by Lord Nelson's order, hanged on board a frigate in the bay of Naples. After his execution, the body was carried out to a considerable distance and sunk with three double-headed shot weighing 250 pounds, tied to the legs. Between two and three weeks afterwards, when the king was on board the "Foudroyant," a Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship, and solemnly declared that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming as fast as he could, to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an account was listened to as a tale of idle credulity. The day, however, being fair, Nelson, to please the king, stood out to sea: but the ship had not proceeded far, before a body was distinctly seen, upright in the water, and approaching them. It was soon recognized to be, indeed, the corpse of Caraccioli, which had risen and floated, while the great weight attached to the legs, kept the body in a position like a living man. A fact so extraordinary astonished the king, and perhaps excited some feelings of superstitious fear, akin to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on shore and receive christian burial.—*Southey's Life of Nelson.*

Moses. Clement of Alexandria, in the fifth book of his Stromates, says, that according to an ancient author, Moses pronounced the name of *Jehovah* in so awful a manner in the ears of Phara-hekefir, king of Egypt, that that prince died on the spot.—*Voltaire's Spirit of Nations.*

Mignot, a famous cook, cotemporary with Boileau, complained to the magistrates that the poet had calumniated him in his third satire. The judges advised him to laugh at it, but the irascible cook printed at his own expense, the satire of the Abbe Cotin against Boileau, and wrapped up his biscuits, for which he was famous, in the letter-press, and so circulated Cotin's invective. At length finding his trade was enlarged by this practice, his wrath against the satirist was appeased, and he owned that Boileau had made his fortune. When his friends dined with him, Boileau used to treat them with Mignot's biscuits and Cotin's verses.—*Marvilliana.*

From the Literary Gazette.

THE SIN OF PUNNING.

SIR,—I have for some years been a subscriber to, and reader of, your excellent journal; and, until last Saturday week, have always been delighted with the talent, learning, and research it has contained; but, sir, you were guilty of a pun—at least so I am informed, for I do not yet understand what joke there can be in saying, "Enter a fire, exit a theatre." Now, sir, as Dr. Johnson says, you may make a pun, but I say you shall not pick a pocket—at least not mine. I am a country gentleman, with no cares except a young nephew, heir to a title and my fortune. He, sir, is a wag—a punster: more than a dozen times I have driven him from my house for his joking propensities; indeed, I believe he was the author of that sad trash you inserted in your paper on the 5th. I have been obliged to give up shooting, because every day I went out he indulged my friends with a joke, in which—not that I see any point in it—he asked whose guns they admired most—Manton's, Richard's, Lancaster's, or Egg's? Each chose their man: he said, there could be no doubt Eggs were the best for poaching*—now, *why*, I am at a loss to know. He calls his "Ergstatic thoughts." At table I dispense with port wine, because he either calls it the "Sublime Porte," or abuses it, and says, "any port in a storm." Turkeys I have forbid, on account of his calling them "Turkey in *Grease*." He calls the Sunderland complaint the Colliery Measles—London Bridge, Pons Asinorum, because it was opened under Sir Dan Key's auspices. He annoys me by asking at the pastry-cook's for *speculaas rice*—a glass of whey. He tells me that a regiment in French is like an old coat turned—*parcequ'il est d'un fois neuf*—at least so he says. He tells me, the height of folly is to eat pea-soup with a pin, or bolt your door with a boiled carrot. In the last war, when Dr. Hawes was a great surgeon, he wrote what he called an epigram—

"Perpetual freezings and perpetual thaws,
Though bad for *hips*, are good for *Hawes*."

He has told me he can make a mackerel-pie of sea-gull; and he says *p-u-t, t-p-t*. He writes also to winter, beginning "All *hail!*"—objects to the ground, beginning, "Descend, ye *nine!*" In short, he enters into what he calls the *Punic* war very duly. Now, sir, with this nephew, who—as he not only knows his uncle, but also his *haunts*, I am quite bored; I am, as my nephew calls it, like the Frames at Rotherhithe—*greatly bored*. I wish to *put down* his puns—he says they are worth *putting down*.† But sir, if you continue to sing, pray discontinue to send me your paper. I hear you are establishing a Garrick Club—if my nephew and your punster are not members, you may insert the name of your obedient servant,

PITT WILLIAMS.

* Apropos—"*By permission*."—Our bard was so pleased with this fancy, that he persisted in putting it into rhyme—

Good sterling, Lord W., whom guns you admire—
Joe Manton's self-primer, or Egg's ready fire?
Who, really, since now my opinion you're broaching,
I decidedly think Eggs better for poaching.

† We are half ashamed of the antiquity of some of these jokes, but they may mix up very well with those of a newer sort; and we find it likely that the *Garrick Club*, when in full operation (for which its house is now fitting up with all haste and the list of original subscribers filling up rapidly), is likely to be the scene and source of much wit and pleasantry—since we picked up some of the following at mere by-corners, where a few of its members happened to congregate.

Irish Logic.—An Irish gentleman walked into the City the other day, recommended to a bill-broker, for a discount. The broker looked at the acceptance, and, as usual, started some difficulties. "It has (he said) a great many days to run, as you see, sir." "That's very true," replied Pat; "but I beg you to observe that they are the shortest days in the year."

Mr. ——, a clergyman, was mentioned as being extremely willing at all times to devolve his clerical functions upon any deputy who would undertake them. "Why is —— like England, then?" asked a countryman;—"give it up?" He expects every man to do his duty."

C——, it was related, had made a fortune by sheep-stealing, transporting the animals to the continent, and improving our neighbours' flocks by fleecing us at home. To accomplish this, he would be out in the worst nights of winter, in a boat off the coast. "It must have been severe work," remarked an innocent. "By no means," was the reply; "you know, he could always choose his own weather."

THE ELEPHANT CAROLINE.

The Philadelphia American Advertiser contains the following notices of the young Elephant, which met such an inhospitable reception on our shores, a few weeks since.

The vessel wrecked in Delaware Bay in the early part of last December, during the intense cold of that season, it is known to most of our readers, had on board at the time a fine young Elephant, destined for the magnificent Menagerie now in this city. As the animal suffered many hardships and showed much sagacity at the time of the wreck, we have obtained from an eye witness the following account of some of the incidents connected with this half reasoning animal.

The Elephant was taken when very young, about five months old; its age now is about four years. It was brought to Calcutta while the Caroline was there, and taken on board at Kidderpore, by a crane, which was built for the express purpose of putting Elephants on board of vessels. When she was first taken on board she was very restive, but soon became accustomed to her location. She was fed three times a day on boiled rice and sea biscuit, and at night she partook of the more humble fare of hay, straw, &c. The allowance of water was about ten gallons per day. Her house remained uncovered till the coldness of the weather reminded the keeper of the necessity of a roof. She was very mischievous, and could never agree with the cook, whose displeasure she often incurred, by pilfering his provisions, wood, &c. from the caboose, with the apparent consciousness of giving him trouble, or from a spirit of revenge for injuries received from that quarter. She usually laid on her side at night to rest, if the weather was calm, if otherwise, she slept standing.

The Elephant seemed perfectly docile, fond and obedient to the gentleman who brought her. She was never known to be angry on the passage, and her good humor made ample amends for her mischief. She was on board of the wreck for three days without provisions or water, and when the crew evacuated the shattered barque, nothing could exceed the distress she manifested. The captain and cook both perished with the cold, shortly after they made their escape from the wreck in the long boat. The jolly boat was capsized, with the loss of two men, the remaining two were taken from the bottom of the boat the next day. And there was but little hope entertained of the Elephant surviving the shock, but when her surviving shipmates, three days after, came to her rescue, she showed evident signs of gratitude and joy. She was hoisted out of the brig, and lowered into the water, she then swam ashore without further assistance, and was received by her kind deliverers, and conducted to the nearest mansion to seek shelter for the night. She became very much attached to a small dog that came passenger and remained on board with her during the absence of the wreck, and showed an unwillingness to leave the wreck, until the partner of her dangers was safely grouped in the boat with the shipmates. Without further trouble they then took leave of the "Caroline," which name has been given to her Elephantine Majesty, and once more sought their safety on terra firma.

From the Atlas.

The "*American Journal of Science and Arts*," by Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, Vol. 21, No. 2, for January, 1832, is published. A great amount and variety of agreeable and instructive articles, will, as usual, be found among its contents.

The most prominent, is a memoir of the late Mr. Whitney, of New Haven. From it we have copied the principal parts of the history of his early life, up to the period which secured inestimable advantages to his country, and an imperishable fame to himself by the invention of the *Cotton-Gin*. The sequel of the memoir, giving an account of the difficulties he encountered in its original introduction, and the little benefit ever received by the inventor for his most valuable instrument, is yet more attractive than that we publish; but we must refer the reader to the volume itself for the particulars, as well as for a notice of Mr Whitney's subsequent pursuits in life. With the memoir is given a fine and accurate portrait of its subject, and a print representing his tomb. The monument is copied from that of Scipio at Rome.

MEMOIR OF MR. WHITNEY,

INVENTOR OF THE COTTON-GIN.

"Eli Whitney was born at Westborough, Worcester Co. Massachusetts, Dec. 8th, 1765. His parents belonged to the middle class in society, who, by the labors of husbandry, managed, by uniform industry and strict frugality, to provide well for a rising family. His ancestry on both sides were English emigrants, and among the early settlers of Massachusetts. We have the following notice of the first exhibitions of his turn for mechanical invention.

"Indications of his mechanical genius were likewise developed at a very early age. Of his early passion for such employments, his sister gives the following account. 'Our father had a workshop, and sometimes made wheels of different kinds, and chairs. He had a variety of tools, and a lathe for turning chair posts. This gave my brother an opportunity of learning the use of tools when very young. He lost no time, but as soon as he could handle tools he was always making something in the shop, and seemed not to like working on the farm. On a time, after the death of our mother, when our father had been absent from home two or three days, on his return, he enquired of the housekeeper what the boys had been doing? She told him what B. and J. had been about. But what has Eli been doing, said he. She replied, he had been making a fiddle. 'Ah!' (added he despondingly) 'I fear Eli will have to take his portion in fiddles.' He was at this time about twelve years old. His sister adds, that this fiddle was finished throughout, like a common violin, and made tolerably good music. It was examined by many persons, and all pronounced it to be a remarkable piece of work for such a boy to perform. From this time he was employed to repair violins, and had many nice jobs, which were always executed to the entire satisfaction, and often to the astonishment of his customers. His father's watch being the greatest piece of mechanism that had yet presented itself to his observation, he was extremely desirous of examining its inferior construction, but was not permitted to do so. One Sunday morning, observing that his father was going to meeting, and would leave at home the wonderful little machine, he immediately feigned illness as an apology for not going to church. As soon as the family were out of sight, he flew to the room where the watch hung, and taking it down, he was so delighted with its motions, that he took it all in pieces before he thought of the consequences of his rash deed; for his father was a stern parent, and punishment would have been the reward of his idle curiosity, had the mischief been detected. He, however, put the work all so neatly together, that his father never discovered his audacity until he himself told him, many years afterwards.'

Whitney lost his mother at an early age, and when he was thirteen years old, his father married a second time. His step mother, among her articles of furniture had a handsome set of table knives, that she valued very highly; which our young mechanic observing, said to her, 'I could make as good ones if I had tools, and I could make the necessary tools if I had a few common tools to make them with.' His step mother thought he was deriding her, and was much displeased; but it so happened, not long afterwards, that one of the knives got broken, and he made one exactly like it in every respect, except the stamp on the blade. This he would likewise have executed, had not the tools required been too expensive for his slender resources.

When Whitney was fifteen or sixteen years of age, he suggested to his father an enterprise, which was an earnest of the similar undertakings in which he engaged on a far greater scale in later life. This being the time of the Revolutionary War, nails were in great demand, and bore a high price. At that period, nails were made chiefly by hand, with little aid from machinery. Young Whitney proposed to his father to procure him a few tools, and to permit him to set up the manufacture. His father consented, and he went steadily to work, and suffered nothing to divert him from his task, until his day's work was completed. By extraordinary diligence, he gained time to make tools for his own use, and to put in knife blades, and to perform many other curious little jobs, which exceeded the skill of the country artisans. At this laborious occupation, the enterprising boy wrought alone, with great success, and with much profit to his father, for two winters, pursuing the ordinary labors of the farm during the summers. At this time he devised a plan for enlarging his business and increasing his profits. He whispered his scheme to his sister, with strong injunctions of secrecy; and requesting leave of his father to go to a neighboring town, without specifying his object, he set out on horseback in quest of a fellow laborer. Not finding one so easily as he had anticipated, he proceeded from town to town, with a perseverance, which was always a strong trait of his character, until at the distance of forty miles from home, he found such a workman as he desired. He also made his journey subservient to his improvement in mechanical skill, for he called at every work shop on his way, and gleaned all the information he could respecting the mechanic arts.

At the close of the war, the business of making nails was no longer profitable; but a fashion prevailing among the ladies of fastening on their bonnets with long pins, he contrived to make those with such skill and dexterity, that he nearly monopolized the business, although he devoted to it only such seasons of leisure as he could redeem from the occupations of the farm to which he now principally betook himself. He added to this article, the manufacture of walking canes, which he made with peculiar neatness.

In respect to his proficiency in learning, while young, we are informed that he early manifested a fondness for figures, and an uncommon aptitude for arithmetical calculations, though in the other rudiments of education, he was not particularly distinguished. Yet at the age of fourteen, he had acquired so much general information, as to be regarded on this account, as well as on account of mechanical skill, as a very remarkable boy.

From the age of nineteen, young Whitney conceived the idea of obtaining a liberal education; but being warmly opposed by his step mother, he was unable to procure the decided consent of his father, until he had reached the age of twenty three years. But, partly by the avails of his manual labor, and partly by teaching a village school, he had been so far able to surmount the obstacles thrown in his way, that he had prepared himself for the Freshman class in Yale College, which he entered in May, 1789. As we are soon to accompany Mr. Whitney beyond the sphere of his domestic relations, we may mention here, that he finished his collegiate education with little expense to his father. His last college bills were indeed paid by him, but the money was considered as a loan, and for it the son gave his note, which he afterwards duly cancelled. After the decease of his father, he took an active part in the settlement of his estate, but generously relinquished all his patrimony for the benefit of the other members of the family.

We have already mentioned that Mr. Whitney entered Yale College, at the mature age of twenty three years. He had enjoyed but little intercourse with men of learning, and the state of elementary education, in the part of the country where he passed his minority, was unfavorable to his acquiring a knowledge of polite literature; and while a member of college he seems to have devoted more attention to the mathematics, and especially to mechanics, theoretical as well as practical, than to the ancient classics. Among his files are found most or all of the compositions and disputations which he wrote during this period, commencing with 1789. The compositions are frequently characterized by great vividness of imagination, and the disputations by sound and correct reasoning.

The propensity of Mr. Whitney to mechanical inventions and occupations, was frequently apparent during his residence at College. On a particular occasion, one of the tutors happening to mention some interesting philosophical experiment, regretted that he could not exhibit to his pupils, because the apparatus was out of order, and must be sent abroad to be repaired. Mr. Whitney proposed to undertake this task, and performed it greatly to the satisfaction of the Faculty of the College.

A carpenter being at work upon one of the buildings of the gentleman with whom Mr Whitney boarded, the latter begged permission to use his tools during the intervals of study; but the mechanic being a man of careful habits, was unwilling to trust them with a student, and it was only after the gentleman of the house had become responsible for all damages, that he would grant the permission. But Mr. Whitney had no sooner commenced his operations, than the carpenter was surprised at his dexterity, and exclaimed, "there was one good mechanic spoiled when you went to college."

Soon after Mr. Whitney took his degree, in the autumn of 1792, he entered into an engagement with a Mr. B. of Georgia, to reside in his family as a private teacher. On his way thither, he was so fortunate as to have the company of Mrs. Greene, the widow of Gen. Greene, who, with her family was returning to Savannah, after spending the summer at the north. At that time it was deemed unsafe to travel through our country without having had the small pox, and accordingly Mr. W. prepared himself for the excursion by procuring inoculation while in New-York. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, the party set sail for Savannah. As his health was not fully re-established, Mrs Greene kindly invited him to go with the family to her residence at Mulberry Grove, near Savannah, and remain until he was recruited.

Mr. Whitney had scarcely set his foot in Georgia, before he was met by a disappointment which was an earnest of that long series of adverse events which, with scarcely an exception, attended all his future negotiations in the same State.* On his arrival, he was informed that Mr. B. had employed another teacher, leaving Whitney entirely without resources or friends except those whom he had made in the family of Gen. Greene. In these benevolent people however, his case excited much interest, and Mrs. Greene kindly said to him, my young friend, you propose studying the law; make my house your home—your room your castle, and there pursue what studies you please. He accordingly commenced the study of the law under that hospitable roof.

Mrs. Greene was engaged in a piece of embroidery in which she employed a peculiar kind of frame called a *tambour*. She complained that it was badly constructed, and that it tore the delicate threads of her work. Mr. Whitney, eager for an opportunity to oblige his hostess, set himself at work and speedily produced a tambour frame made on a plan entirely new, which he presented to her. Mrs. Greene and her family were greatly delighted with it, and thought it a wonderful proof of ingenuity.†

Not long afterwards, a large party of gentlemen came from Augusta and the Upper country, to visit the family of Gen. Greene, consisting principally of officers who had served under the General in the Revolutionary army. They fell into conversation upon the state of agriculture among them, and expressed great regret that there was no means of cleaning the green seed cotton, or separating it from its seed, since all the lands which were unsuitable for the cultivation of rice, would yield large crops of cotton. But until ingenuity could devise some machine which would greatly facilitate the process of cleaning, it was in vain to think of raising cotton for market. Separating one pound of the clean staple from the seed was a day's work for a woman; but the time usually devoted to picking cotton was the evening, after the labor of the field was over. Then the slaves, men, women and children, were collected in circles with one, whose duty it was to rouse the dozing and quicken the indolent. While the company were engaged in this conversation, 'gentlemen, (said Mrs. Greene,) apply to my young friend Mr. Whitney—he can make any thing.' Upon which she conducted them into a neighboring room, and showed them her tambour frame, and a number of toys which Mr. W. had made or repaired for the children. She then introduced the gentlemen to Whitney himself, extolling his genius, and commending him to their notice and friendship. He modestly disclaimed all pretensions to mechanical genius: and when they named their object, he replied that he had never seen either cotton or cotton seed in his life. Mrs. G. said to one of the gentlemen, 'I have accomplished my aim. Mr. Whitney is a very deserving young man,' and to bring him into notice was my object. The interest which our friends now feel for him, will, I hope, lead to his getting some em-

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* In a letter to his friend, Josiah Stebbins, Esq. (the late Judge Stebbins of Maine) dated Geo. April 11, 1793, Mr. Whitney says, "Fortune has stood with her back towards me ever since I have been here."—It does not appear that, so far as related to Georgia, he ever found her position reversed.

† Several years afterwards, his partner, Mr. Miller, writes to Mr. Whitney, "I presume your skill in mechanics is likely to give you employment enough with the ladies; for your name is often coupled with work frames, needles, &c. &c.; so that I apprehend you will ultimately be compelled to become ignorant and unskilful in those things, in your own defence."

ployment to enable him to prosecute the study of the law.'

But a new turn that no one of the company dreamed of, had been given to Mr. Whitney's views. It being out of the season for cotton in the seed, he went to Savannah and searched among the ware houses and boats, until he found a small parcel of it. This he carried home, and communicated his intentions to Mr. Miller, who warmly encouraged him, and assigned him a room in the basement of the house, where he set himself at work with such rude materials and instruments as a Georgia plantation afforded. With these resources however, he made tools better suited to his purpose, and drew his own wire, (of which the teeth of the earliest gins were made,) an article which was not at that time to be found in the market of Savannah. Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller were the only persons who knew in what way he was employing himself. The many hours he spent in his mysterious pursuits, afforded matter of great curiosity and often of raillery to the younger members of the family. Near the close of the winter, the machine was so nearly completed as to leave no doubt of its success.

Mrs. Greene was eager to communicate to her numerous friends the knowledge of this important invention, peculiarly important at that time, because then the market was glutted with all those articles which were suited to the climate and soil of Georgia, and nothing could be found to give occupation to the negroes, and support to the white inhabitants. This opened suddenly to the planters boundless resources of wealth, and rendered the occupations of the slaves, less unhealthy and laborious than they had been before.

Mrs. Greene, therefore, invited to her house gentlemen from different parts of the State, and on the first day after they had assembled, she conducted them to a temporary building, which had been erected for the machine, and they saw with astonishment and delight, that more cotton could be separated from the seed in one day, by the labor of a single hand, than could be done in the usual manner in the space of many months.

Mr. Whitney might now have indulged in bright reveries of fortune and of fame; but we shall have various opportunities of seeing, that he tempered his inventive genius with an unusual share of the calm, considerate qualities of the financier. Although urged by his friends to secure a patent, and devote himself to the manufacture and introduction of his machines, he coolly replied, that on account of the great expense and trouble which always attended the introduction of a new invention, and the difficulty of enforcing a law in favor of patentees in opposition to the individual interests of so large a number of persons as would be concerned in the culture of this article, it was with great reluctance that he should consent to relinquish the hopes of a lucrative profession, for which he had been destined, with an expectation of indemnity either from the justice, or the gratitude of his countrymen, even should the invention answer the most sanguine anticipations of his friends.

The individual who contributed most to incite him to persevere in the undertaking, was *Phineas Miller*, Esq. Mr. Miller was a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale College. Like Mr. Whitney, soon after he had completed his education at college, he came to Georgia as a private teacher, in the family of General Greene, and after the decease of the General, he became the husband of Mrs. Greene. He had qualified himself for the profession of law, and was a gentleman of cultivated mind and superior talents; but he was of an ardent temperament, and therefore well fitted to enter with zeal into the views which the genius of his friend had laid open to him. He had also considerable funds at command, and proposed to Mr. Whitney to become his joint adventurer, and to be at the whole expense of maturing the invention until it should be patented. If the machine should succeed in its intended operation, the parties agreed, under legal formalities, 'that the profits and advantages arising therefrom, as well as all privileges and emoluments to be derived from patenting, making, vending, and working the same, should be mutually and equally shared between them.' This instrument bears date May 27, 1793, and immediately afterwards they commenced business under the firm of *Miller & Whitney*.

An invention so important to the agricultural interest (and, as it has proved, to every department of human industry,) could not long remain a secret. The knowledge of it soon spread through the State, and so great was the excitement on the subject, that multitudes of persons came from all quarters of the State to see the machine, but it was not deemed safe to gratify their curiosity until the patent right had been secured. But so determined were some of the populace to possess this treasure, that neither law nor justice could restrain them; they broke open the building by night, and carried off the machine. In this way the public became possessed of the invention; and before Mr. Whitney could complete his model and secure his patent, a number of machines were in successful operation, constructed with some slight deviation from the original, with the hope of evading the penalty for violating the patent right."

A Singular Being.—On the Milton road from Kilmarnock to Galston, equi-distant from both, stands the Ark, its walls covered with ivy and moss. A pleasant footpath through a wood conducts from the highway to the sequestered abode of a being, whose eccentricities have made it an object of interest. We enter its low portal, and behold, under the same roof, a byre and a kitchen, with scarcely any partition between them, a middle aged woman, a few cows, a pet ewe and a lamb; but the chief object of attraction is a man apparently about fifty years of age, who for seventeen years past has neither changed his clothes, shaved his beard, combed or cropped his hair. A more degrading view of the human species in savage life could not be produced. His coat is so overlaid with patches that it is impossible to tell the original color; the hair of his head hangs dangling on his shoulders, matted like felt; his bushy red beard is curled and tangled the very reverse of aught graceful or venerable. Another object of curiosity is a tamed red breast, which will, at his call, come and sit upon his head, and pick crumbs of bread from his mouth. One naturally inquires what could induce an individual possessing the means to live comfortably, to act in this manner. With the individual in question the cause originated in a law suit, in which he imagined justice was not done him: 'I have not,' says he 'been used as a man nor will I live like one.'—Acting on this resolution he soon found himself an object of attraction.—*Kilmarnock Chronicle.*

From the United States Gazette.

ODE TO PEPPERPOT.

In modo Scroggins.

O Pepperpot, I hear thy cry,
In vain, alas! for thee I sigh,
For stomach such a stopper:
In vain they cry thee smoking hot,
Thou rich and spicy pepperpot,
I have'nt got a copper.

Would that some honest soul would say,
How dost thou do, my lad, to day?
Could'st eat some pepperpot?
Pleased would I jump at such a job;
The thought now makes my bosom throb,
Alas! 'tis not my lot.

But fate has will'd it so, I fear
I may not feast on this good cheer,
Replete with tripe and chicken;
Down busy thought, 'tis all in vain—
Hence, luscious smell you cause me pain,
And set my stomach kicking!

O! would the seller trust for once!
But then I fear she's no such dunce,
The thought she would but mock at;
I need not try, the *darkey* knows
My tattered hat and ragged clothes,
Speak volumes for my pocket.

O! would I were that lucky soul.
That clasps in bliss yon smoking bowl,
Fill'd with thee to the brim;
Then let me fly the tempting sight,
Since for *my* maw there's not a bite,
And I cannot be him.

O! then farewell, hot pepperpot,
Since I, alas! may taste thee not,
Nor need I be a ninny;
For not unlikely thou art made
Of unclean tripe, and I'm afraid
There's bow-wow foot put in ye.

Jan. 12, 1832. W. L. E.

SUPPORT OF THE POOR.

A Historical Fact.

Andrew Patterson was among the first of the New-England emigrants to the southern part of the county of Herkimer. At the commencement of the Revolution he enlisted as a private, and by continued good conduct he was promoted, a little before the close of the Revolution, to the rank of an orderly sergeant. During the whole of that memorable contest he had been an active and hardy soldier. At one time he received a letter from General Washington directing him to take charge of a small scouting party. This document he preserved as a most precious jewel until the end of his life. Its contents, and the frequent exhibitions of it, as he related the stories of the times 'that tried men's souls,' constituted the source and fund of all his happiness. And, when he told the trials and 'hair breadth escapes' to which he had 'often and again' been subjected, the recital of which would bring the 'big tear drop' in the eye, he would show you 'the letter,' the warrant of his bravery and his integrity. He was industrious and of good habits; but by pursuing the business of a shoemaker in the early settlement of the place, he could obtain little if any more than the scanty necessaries of life. In the 68th year of his age he was smitten with an appoplectic fit. This crippled and disabled him the remainder of his life. In this situation, no alternative was left him for subsistence but to apply to the town for support. The bare idea rent his very soul, and he suffered long before he resorted to this mortifying alternative. The services he had rendered; the battles he had fought; the exposures of his life for the cause of his country and independence were often taken in review by him; and when he mused upon these circumstances, you would see his manly heart arise with convulsive throes in his bosom. Soon after his application for public support, the annual town meeting took place. It had been the practice for one or two years, to put up the public poor (or paupers as they were called) at vendue at the annual town meeting, and sold to the lowest bidder. Patterson was present. After the ordinary business of the meeting was over, the officers proceeded to the sale of the Paupers. The name of Patterson was at last cried by the auctioneer. No sooner did Patterson hear his own person offered for sale, than with a convulsive sob he exclaimed, "can it be possible that my country who has had all the services of my youth and manhood, will in my old age sell me as a beggar." With the aid of crutch and cane he hobbled a little one side of the crowd—but before the sale was made, his bosom gave another heave, accompanied by an agonizing groan his heart burst, his soul took wing, and his body fell a lifeless corpse, before the assembly who were speculating upon his misery.—*Alb. Dai. Ade.*

From the New York Atlas.

NEWSPAPER AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Among the improvements introduced by the Grand Seignior at Constantinople, one of the most remarkable is the establishment of a newspaper. We copy a portion of its prospectus, which will be found worthy of attention, and shall here give an outline of its other ideas. There is a curiosity to those of us who are so familiar with the scope and design of a newspaper, and among whom every man that pleases may set up one for himself, to watch the grave formality and imposing style of managing the affair in a first experiment at the Turkish Capital.

The Prospectus is *by authority*, and informs its readers that a special printing office, under the title of the 'Imperial Bureau of the Journal,' has been established near the palace—it being the desire of the Sultan to evince his disposition to promote the welfare of his subjects by publishing the current history, with every thing regarding new inventions, prices of provisions, and commerce in general—a thing which is impracticable by means of writing alone. The object of printing in different languages is explained to be the friendship of His Highness for foreign powers in amity with the Porte, and a wish to give the journal more effect. The late Mufti of Mecca, now historiographer of the Empire, is to be the director of the office. All the political news will be daily sent him by the Porte, and that relating to the administration of military affairs by the Seraskier. The journal will be divided into the official part, relating to internal affairs, and the non-official, to external intelligence and general information. The Editorship, except so far as herein expressed, is committed to Mr. Blaque, formerly of the Smyrna Courier. The price is to be 120 piastres per ann. all payable in advance.

"The exalted science, generally termed history, consists of a chronological relation and publication of the events which are passing in the world. It is at the same time a memorial—a legacy to posterity and produces the greatest good. Many learned men have depicted history—inasmuch as it efficaciously influences the laws of States and the constitution of nations—as an indispensable science. The celebrated Safidi, a commentator on the works of Lamii, recounts the following fact, the truth of which is incontestable, and to which a place may be aptly given here, as a palpable proof of the necessity of studying history, &c.

"In the year 422 of the Hegira, under the Caliph Kaim, of the house of Abassides, some infidels of the town of Chaibier, pretended that their ancestors had been exempted, as early as the capture of that city, from personal impost. To prove the truth of this assertion, and in support of their demand to be exempted from the impost, they produced a document bearing the counterfeited name of Ali, and Murtaza, and of the venerable companions of the prophet, Saad ben-Moaz and Moavia, who had signed as witnesses. The Caliph appeared disposed to grant their demand, but his first secretary of state, Abulkassim, felt some suspicion, and exhibited the document to the Historiographer and Priest of the Empire.

"He immediately declared that the document was false, because the conquest of the fortress of Chaibier took place in the 5th year of the Hegira, because Moavia was not with the prophet till the year 9, and that in the year 5, Saad was dead. He also proved that the document was not deserving of any confidence, and forced the astonished infidels to avow that they had counterfeited it."

Convinced of the utility of history, the Mahomedans as well as other nations, have in all times directed their attention towards it; and the wise and illustrious Ibn Kelsir, Iman Suynti, Ibn Dschewse, Kasi Beisawi, and others have dedicated their vigils to it. The Sublime Porte particularly, has always devoted its greatest care to history, and has appointed different Historiographers of the Empire, who were at first called Schuname-chon and afterwards Wakaj-miwis. All the events which had been collected together in the course of twenty-eight or thirty years, were according to an ancient custom published by the press, and it is thus that the works of Moima, of Roschild, of Sabbi and of Wassif, appeared. But if present events are not published at the epochs at which they occur, and their true causes thus remain concealed, the consequence is (according to the adage, "*man is an enemy to that which he does not know,*") that men generally are disposed to oppose every thing of which they do not comprehend either the true cause or true end. It is thus, that hitherto the people have attributed to internal and external events, to changes in the administrations, and to other acts of the Sublime Porte (which they looked upon as enigmatical measures,) a quite different object from that of the government. And although in this respect the people only follow a propensity which is natural to all men and deserve therefore in some degree to be excused; such language may produce a pernicious effect on the ignorant, lead them to consider their chiefs as guilty men, and, in short, endanger that spirit of order and submission which characterizes the subjects of the Sublime Porte.

The most sincere wish of his Royal Highness, of that monarch who is distinguished by so many personal qualifications, is to insure also, in this respect, public tranquility, and to relieve his people from the mistrust and from the fears which false reports and lying tales may have given birth to. The United Conference has deliberated on this subject, and has decided that the people henceforward be instructed, by a prompt and official publication of all the events in the interior, as well as the exterior, which may interest the Sublime Porte, of their true causes, and of the circumstances which accompany them, in order to give the people a just idea of them, and thus preserve them from the troubles occasioned by the lying reports which it has hitherto been thought proper to spread."

Desperate attempt to 'Burke' a young Woman at Somers-town.—On Monday evening, about eight o'clock, the inhabitants residing at the last house in Union-street, Somers-town, were alarmed by the violent screams of a female, proceeding from the pathway which runs through the field leading to Camdentown. The people of the house ran to the door, but it was scarcely opened when a tall and extremely powerful young woman ran past the door from the field where the screaming had been heard. She passed the door a few yards, stopped short, and asked for a chair. A chair was brought to her, and a little brandy having been given to her, she soon recovered herself. It appeared that she had just crossed the field on the gravel-walk, and when within 30 or 40 yards of the houses, she was pinioned by one man, while another caught her up by the legs and threw her upon her back. One of the villians knelt upon her chest and thrust something into her mouth, while the other was endeavouring to put something round her neck. She struggled desperately with them, so much so as to extricate herself and get up. While she was screaming the bloodhounds had thrown her a second time, and proceeded to use the same means, but before they could accomplish their end they suddenly ran away. She had just escaped as she passed the door. It is supposed that some noise, the approach of some one in the field, or the movements of lights in the house, alarmed them, and drove them from their prey. Their object it cannot possibly be doubted was to have taken her life, and that too in the most cautious manner, for no violence whatever was offered, notwithstanding her resistance, or liberties taken with her person; nor did they attempt to touch a bundle she carried in her hand.

It is to be hoped that the publicity of this narration—the narrow, nay the miraculous escape of this young woman—will, be a warning to both sexes by night to avoid the lonely paths of the suburbs of the town. There can be no doubt but that every lonely situation at night becomes the haunt, the rendezvous, of the most desperate characters; it is in such places that they meet to share their plunder, or to arrange their plans for future aggression.

It is much to be feared that the high price given for bodies and the ready sale they have for them, almost without any inquiry as to how and by what means they have been obtained, has given rise to this most desperate of all atrocities.

Some means should immediately be resorted to to endeavour to put a stop to the infernal trade.

Lond. Paper.

The Kensington.—Of this vessel, a corvette formerly belonging to the U. S. and purchased by the Emperor of Russia, we have the following notice in a letter published in a London paper.

On the 1st of Oct. about a week after her arrival at Cronstadt, the Emperor came on board to visit her, dressed in a green coat with silver epaulettes, and without any stars or decorations, so that we did not at first know which was the Emperor; he had on a plain white cloth cap with a band of light blue, and black leather front he is a well made man, about six feet two inches, of a very fine pleasing benevolent countenance, pale and very fair; rather a melancholy shade has been observed on his countenance since the Poles first broke out; he was exceedingly affable, seemed perfectly acquainted with every part of the ship, and remained on board about two hours, inspecting every part, even in the holds. On leaving the ship, the Emperor shook hands with Capt. Ramsay, and when he got on shore, he announced to his admirals that he should name her the Paskewitch, in honour of the General of that name. We understand she is to be kept for a yacht for his Majesty. Before we left Cronstadt the Emperor sent a present of 200 ducats to be given to the ship's company.

THE WHIG NEWSPAPERS, 1831.

"The world's gone mad. Oh hard that ever I
Was born to have a finger in the pie."

The times are bad indeed—the *Times* far worse,
The *Times*, I vow, is England's greatest curse;
Promoting *club-law*, and a thousand crimes.
The times are rendered much worse by the *Times*,
And next the *Courier* crawls with serpent pace,
Th' *arant-Courier* of all that's bad and base;
Proud of its falsehoods and enormities,
It *barely* lives by printing calumnies.
The *Globe*—that whirligig—runs round and round,
In reas'ning faulty, and in sense unsound;
Insane it cries—revolving on its axis—
No Peers!—No Bishops!—above all, No Taxes!
The *Morning Chronicle*, absurdly wise,
Is only spared for its absurdities;
Ne sutor ultra crepidam, I fear,
Would limit it to "*Chronicle* small-beer."
The *Sun* stands still; the *Star*'s a fallen star,
As all whig papers will be—*or near ere*.
The *Morning Herald*, to acquire a name,
E'en with the *Times* disputes the palm of fame.
As to the Country Whig Press—beat your brains,
To find an antidote for Whig Press *Bulnes*!
You'll find in reas'ning a sad lack of strength,
Yet there see folly pictur'd at full length.
But has the *Attorney-General*, all this while,
No whip to lash these reptiles from the Isle?
No, no!—the *Whigs* he worships rule the day,
And those whig pests are patronized by *Grey*!

Haverly, 17th Nov., 1831. *Eng. pap.*

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 24th, John H. Sneider, to Miss Alice M. Butler.

On the 24th, John Magnan, Esq. to Miss Mary Ann Bogert.

On the 25th, John G. Miller, of Elizabethtown, N. J. to Miss Lucinda Moore.

On the 25th, William P. Miller, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Wm. Kevan, Esq.

On the 25th, Moses Austen, to Miss Henrietta Hayes.

On the 26th, Henry G. Page, to Frances S. Tripp.

At Boston, David L. Carr, to Miss Sarah W. Mackrell; Stephen R. Clapp, to Miss Rebecca W. Noyes.

At Concord, Mass. Deacon Nathaniel Anderson, to Miss Mary Ann Cochran; James B. Cochran, to Miss Eliza Ann Robbins, both of Boston.

At Watertown, Mass. John H. Richardson, Esq. to Miss Louisa Ann Forster.

At Needham, John C. Cressman, of Dedham, to Miss Sarah T. Newell.

At Weston, Isaac Fiske, Esq. Register of Probate, to Miss Sophronia Hobbs.

At New Haven, Samuel P. Coggeshall, to Miss Ann Smith; Wm. Beecher, to Miss Caroline Canfield; Geo. Angier, to Miss Sarah Beach.

At Newfield, Conn. John Mabby, Esq. to Miss Sarah Dauchess.

At Litchfield, Conn. Theron Beach, Esq. to Miss Lucy Sheldon.

At Gosport, Va. Wm. Keeff, of Charlestown, Mass. to Miss Jane B. Randolph, of Hampton, Va.

At Middletown, U.C. Peter Maurice, aged 73, to Miss Lilias M. Watney, aged 15.

At Black Lake, N. York, James Andrews, to Miss Anne Broad.

While beauty their lovely influence spread,
And fops around them flutter,
I'll be content with *Anne Broad*,
And wont have any *butter*.

DIED,

In this city, on the 26th, Susan, wife of Silvanus Ripley, Esq. aged 25.

On the 28th, Elizabeth, widow of the late John Cunningham, aged 48.

On the 29th, Mrs. Elizabeth Wood, wife of John Wood, jr. aged 63.

On the 29th, John Rice, jr. of Boston, aged 29.

On the 29th, Abraham Lent, 24.

At the Narrows, L.I. Mrs. Jane Stewart, 83.

At Rye, N.Y. Joshua D. Pearsall, Esq. 70, formerly of Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard.

At Albany, Cuyler H. Seaits, Esq. attorney at law, aged 25, son of Barent G. Staats, Esq.

At Bowlus, Delaware county, N.Y. Mrs. McFarland, a native of Ireland, aged 110 years.

At Canandaigua, Mrs. Frances Shepard, relict of the late Wm. Shepard, Esq. aged 60.

At Lyons, N.Y. Mrs. Mary Eddy, wife of Mr. John Eddy, aged 32.

At Newton, Mrs. Margaret Stratton, aged 35, wife of the Rev. S. C. Stratton, rector of Trinity Church, Newton, formerly, of Snowhill, Md.

At Hayden, Joel Walker, 54.

At Montville, Brunnall Fox, 80.

At West Cambridge, Walter Russell, Esq. 78.

At Salem, Edmund Richardson, 69; Mrs. Ann Henfield, widow of the late Joseph H. 68.

At Danvers, Jonathan Jacobs, 47.

At Concord, Mass. Samuel Wheeler, 86—a soldier of the revolution.

In Sudbury Almshouse, Mass. Mrs. Nixon, widow of Gen. Nixon, who was Colonel of a regiment at Bunker Hill, and was in several campaigns in the revolutionary war, and subsequently promoted to the office of General.

At Weston, Mass. Daniel Bemis, 74—a soldier of the revolution.

At Marblehead, Capt. Samuel H. Trevitt, aged 81. He commanded the only company of artillery in the provincial forces at the battle of Bunker Hill.

At Boston, Domingo Williams, aged 67—a coloured gentleman of respectability, and superintendent of entertainments of various kinds.

At Essex, deacon Grover Dodge, 87.

At Charleston, S.C. John Elnice Davidson, second son of the late Dr. George Davidson, of the Island of St. Vincents.

At New Orleans, Mary Barclay, wife of James Vance, formerly of this city, aged 30.

At Lyndeboro', N.H. Oliver Fletcher, aged 82—a native of Chelmsford.

At Francestown, N.H. Robert Dinsmor, Esq. 80—a soldier of the revolution.

FINE
POCKET-BOOKS.
GREAT ASSORTMENT—170 KINDS—
(Principally for Booksellers,)
Wholesale and Retail,
By **T. BUSSING**, Manufacturer,
70 William-street.

N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire *good* articles for retailing, will find it *their* interest to call and examine the *quality* and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's STEEL-TRIMM'D CARD CASES, Pocket Books, &c. at *very* reasonable prices, worthy the attention of *those* who desire a *neat* and *good* article. jan.21.

R. GRESSWELL'S
PECTORAL ELIXIR.

AN infallible cure for coughs and colds, prepared and sold only by R. Gresswell, 9½ Bowery, near Hester-street, N. York. Price only two shillings per bottle. jan.28.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

INGERSOLL'S, Kirkham's, Murray's, Green's, Smith's, and Greenleaf's Grammars; Webster's, Comly's, Bentley's, and Sears' Spelling Books; School Testaments; English Readers; Daboll's, Pike's, Willett's, and Colburn's Arithmetics; Olney's, Wood bridge's, Willett's, and Parley's Geographies; Symington and Elementary Primers; Hazen's Speller and Definer; Latin and Greek Grammars and Lexicons of various kinds; Webster's Dictionary; Blake's Philosophy; Comstock's Chemistry; Tytler's History; Greek and Latin Readers, &c. &c. with a general assortment of the most approved school and classical books. Sold at the lowest prices by

McELRATH & BANGS,
jan.28. 87 Chatham-street.

COLOURING PRINTS.

THREE or four girls who understand well the above business, may find employment by applying at the Lithographic Office at 111 Nassau-street.

Also wanted, a smart active lad, as a pupil, to which will be taught the arts of painting, printing, drawing colouring, &c. &c. together with every thing that belongs to Lithography. jan.28.

FUMIGATING PASTILES.—Wax and licorice Powders are prepared and offered for sale, wholesale and retail, by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
jan.7. 377 Broadway.

INDIA RUBBER SHOES.

GENTLEMEN'S India Rubber Shoes and Over Shoes, of superior quality, for sale by

LUCIUS S. COMSTOCK,
jan.28. 20 Fulton-slip, and 56 Division-st.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

THE Vegetable Pectoral Elixir is one of the best medicines known at the present time for the cure of colds, coughs, diseases of the lungs, pain in the breast, &c. Sold by the proprietor's agent, N. B. GRAHAM, Jr.
dec.3 38 Cedar, corner of William-st.

SYLVESTER 139 Broadway, N.Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Extra Class No. 3 for 1832 drawn February 1, 1832—10 4 15 34 53 12 50 59 54 16.

The capital prizes again sold by Sylvester.

The following brilliant scheme will next be drawn:

Feb. 8—Prizes of $30,000. 30,000..... $

A New York Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday. Those remitting funds and not naming any particular class, will have sent to them tickets in the first good scheme.

Orders from abroad meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to the subscriber, who is licensed by the State.

N.B. All those who deal with Sylvester will receive the "Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current," (published every Wednesday,) gratis for 12 months. It is a most useful paper, and should be in the hands of every country merchant or dealer.

Commission business, also Exchange, and collection of drafts, attended to with promptitude.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N.York.
Reference: Messrs. Yates & McIntyre. *Feb.* 4.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Pictou Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert-street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, *Coke* of superior quality, for melting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, $9 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1-5th ton); Pictou Coals, $9 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do. mixed, $10 50 per do; do. screenings, $7 per do; Pictou Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke, $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, cor of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 263 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton-street; G. W. White, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN 27 Broad-st.

COMFORTABLES, CLOAKS, &c.—*Establishment, No.* 56, *Maiden Lane.*—The subscriber, having extended his manufacture of Cloaks, now offers an assortment much superior to that of the last season, and, it is presumed, equal at least in style, quality, and cheapness, to that of any other establishment. The stock comprises Cloths; French, German, and English Merinos, figured and plain Silks and Satins; Circassians, Plaids, &c.—Ladies and Misses' sizes. They are made by persons of experience and taste, and after the most approved French patterns.

Comfortables.—The excellence as well as economy of this article is well attested by those who have made use of it for a number of years. It possesses decided advantages over other kinds of covering, being of the same nature as down, combining lightness with extreme warmth. Great pains have been taken to obtain suitable materials, at the lowest market prices. On account of peculiar advantages in manufacturing they will be sold at such prices as will offer an inducement to the most economical. Families, Public Schools, Hotels, Shipping &c furnished with any quantity and size, at less than the ordinary cost of the materials. Merchants will be supplied at the lowest rates.

New York, Nov. 1, 1831. DANIEL O. CAULKINS.

SUPERIOR NEW MUSIC.

"Dost thou love me, sister Ruth? say, say, say!"
"As I fain would speak the truth, yea, yea, yea!"

FIRTH & HALL, No. 1 Franklin square, have just published a new Quaker comic duett, entitled "Dost thou love me, sister Ruth?" as sung by Madame Vestris and Mr. Harley, embellished with a vignette, showing the positions, attitudes, &c. of the performers. Also, the New Year's Gift, a new Annual, or Musical Souvenir.

Just received from Baltimore, the "Musical Bijou," for 1832. 106 pages, with the following exquisite embellishments: Beauty of Barcelona, The Minstrel, and The Parting.

From London, "Bayley's Songs of Almacks," 64 folio pages, with the following embellishments, elegantly executed: Queen Adelaide, Countess G., Lady D., Lady L., and the "Debutante," all highly finished portraits. Likewise, "La Variete," or "Petits Morceaux," for the voice and piano forte, 66 quarto pages; and the Musical Gem for 1832, quarto, London. jan.14.

INDIA RUBBER SHOES,

OF a superior quality and size, for sale, wholesale and retail, at the lowest market prices, by

N. B. GRAHAM, Jr.
jan.7. 38 Cedar, c. William st.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

THE celebrity of the "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," is so universal, and the peculiar advantages which they possess, together with their decidedly eminent superiority over all other kinds of artificial teeth, is so generally known and acknowledged, that a minute description of their merits and excellencies, by way of advertisement, would be deemed altogether superfluous. To those, however, who are not perfectly familiar with the various kinds and qualities of the materials used as substitutes for the original teeth, it may be well to observe, that the "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," unlike teeth formed of animal substances, never change in any length of time their colour; neither will they in the smallest degree decay or decompose by the combined action of the atmosphere and saliva or juices of the mouth; consequently they are worn with ease and pleasure by those who use them—preserving the natural form of the mouth; restoring the articulation, and renewing the pleasures of mastication; never producing a disagreeable or disgusting taste, and preserving the breath always and at all times sweet and uncontaminated. The subscriber has constantly on hand an elegant assortment of these beautiful teeth, which he will be happy to insert for those who need them, either singly or more, to a full and entire set, if wanting; and in the subscriber's manner of setting them, they are adapted with ease to *all cases*, how difficult soever they may have been deemed.

All operations on the mouth and teeth, such as separating, evening, regulating, cleaning, plugging, or stopping, extracting, &c. &c. appertaining to the profession of Surgeon Dentist, performed with ease and scientific practice. JOHN BURDELL, Surgeon Dentist,
jan.28. 229½ Broadway, near Dunne st. N.Y.

COMB FACTORY.

B. FRASER respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that he keeps an elegant assortment of Tortoise shell combs, at the old established comb store, No. 25½ Maiden lane. His assortment at present consists of large and small American carved combs, of the newest patterns. Extra large plain shell combs, likewise middling and small sizes, Tortoise shell long combs of a superior quality, with a beautiful assortment of neck and side combs. B. F. intends devoting his attention particularly to the manufacture of Tortoise shell combs, which he is in hopes he shall be able to sell at very moderate prices. Orders for any sized comb, or any fancy pattern, will be attended to at a few days notice. A small assortment of fancy Brazil combs, likewise ivory, dressing and crescent, manufactured of the very best materials and sold at moderate prices.

N.B. Combs neatly repaired. dec.24.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

Elixir Pectorale—Vegetable Pectoral Elixir.

THE discovery of this inestimable Elixir was the result of ten years close study, in order to discover the causes, symptoms, and cure for all those formidable diseases that prey upon the organs of the chest, namely, consumption, asthma, catarrh, colds, and every species of oppression of the chest. In all cases where this Elixir has been duly administered, its astonishing efficacy over every other article heretofore offered to the public, for the same purpose, has been invariably manifested, convincing the most incredulous, that consumption is not incurable, if properly attended to.

For sale by the proprietor's agent, Nathan B. Graham, Jr. No. 38 Cedar street, corner of William street, wholesale and retail. jan.7.

DR. HEWES' LINIMENT.

JUST received, at No. 20 Fulton slip, and 56 Division street, a genuine supply of a certain cure for the inflammatory, sciatic, and chronic Rheumatism.—Dr. Shubael Hewes' celebrated rheumatic, nerve, and bone *Liniment*, applied morning and night, has cured hundreds. It gives relief in the swelling of the glands of the throat, and relieves the numbness and contractions of the limbs, and will take swellings down, and inflammations out of the flesh, rheumatism, bruises, and sprains. It gives immediate relief; it strengthens weak limbs, and extends the cords when contracted. A few drops on sheep's wool applied to the ear of deaf persons, will, by constant application, cause them to hear in two months' time.

Dr. Lucius S. Comstock, 20 Fulton slip, and 56 Division street, New York, is the general agent, and offers this remedy, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices. jan.28.

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

PEACH-ORCHARD, Lehigh, Schuylkill, Liverpool, and Lackawana Coals, all at the lowest market prices. Apply at the Coal Offices, c. of Murray and Washington, and Canal and Elm-streets.

sep.28 S. B. REEVE & Co.

EXPECTORANT SYRUP.

JUST RECEIVED, by Dr. L. S. Comstock, Druggist, 20 Fulton slip, and 56 Division st. a genuine supply of Rev. T. Bartholomew, M.D.'s *Expectorant Syrup*, a pleasant cordial for influenza, asthma, coughs, colds, pains and soreness in the breast, difficult expectoration and respiration, &c. &c. This syrup is superior to any invention ever before offered to the public. It never fails, when used according to directions, to cure the above complaints, enabling the patient to raise freely without pain. Many certificates are on hand of the wonderful happy effects of this syrup, but the following only is inserted, as one trial will convince the most incredulous:

"*London, Sept.* 20, 1830.

"To Rev. Dr. Bartholomew: Rev. and Dear Sir—In my practice I never used medicines of which I did not know the component parts, until I tried your syrup in an obstinate cough, when no other medicine did any good. The wonderful success in that case caused me to use it for a great number of my patients, and it has never failed to cure perfectly. I am yours, &c.

ALLEN PARMELEE, M.D."

*** Dealers supplied by Dr. L. S. COMSTOCK General Agent for America, 20 Fulton slip, and 56 Division st. New York. jan.28.

IPECAC. & SQUILLS LOZENGES.

THE most convenient, pleasant, and effectual cough medicines are offered for sale by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
jan.7. 377 Broadway.

FREEMAN'S CELEBRATED INDIAN SPECIFIC,

FOR Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, &c. For sale by GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,
dec.3. Druggist, corner Pearl and Roose-sts.

MARBLE WORKS.

J. FRAZEE gives notice to his friends and the public generally that he has recently taken into partnership with him Mr. Robert Launitz, of Rome Sculptor, and late pupil of Thorwaldsen, and that the establishment of sculpture, and monumental art in Broadway will in future be conducted under the name of *Frazee & Launitz*.

It is confidently hoped that so important an acquisition of talent to this establishment will not only prove highly gratifying to the friends and patrons of the artist thus mutually united, but that a discerning public will also duly appreciate its certain and anticipated benefits, it being the ostensible object of the partnership to enlarge and improve the department of monumental sculpture and statuary, and, by the union of genius and talent, render their works in every respect worthy the highest patronage of the country. Oct 22

SAMUEL MAVERICK,
ENGRAVER AND COPPER-PLATE PRINTER,
87 LIBERTY-STREET,

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, MD., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M. D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M. D, Amariah Wright, M. D. and John C. Cheeseman, M. D.

August 6 t28

HEWITT'S PATENT AND
PREMIUM BEDSTEADS.

THESE Bedsteads have been tested by hundreds of our most respectable citizens, and are found, beyond any doubt, to be superior to any now in use.

Manufactured and sold at a reasonable price, at No. 20 Hudson-street, by

July 16 tf F. HEWITT.

SCALE BEAMS.

WEST & LORING, now offer, to the public a useful article for weighing, called *West & Loring's Patent Balance*, it being on a cheap and economical plan—this Beam is so constructed that a small beam will weigh an immense draught with one-twentieth part of the pea weight formerly used on Dearborn's Patent Balance, and with perfect correctness, as the notching is done by machinery, which will admit of no variation. Southern merchants wishing to contract for large quantities, are respectfully invited to call at the factory, where they will be liberally dealt by. They also make and repair Balances of brass and iron, and Hay Scales on an improved plan, with neatness and dispatch. All orders left 33 Eldridge street, will be gratefully received and carefully attended to. july 2

MEDICINE SPOONS, for administering food or medicine to children and invalids, to be had at MARSHALL C. SLOCUM'S Drug & Chemical store, 303 Broadway, corner of Duane st. where Druggists may also obtain a supply, an invoice of which, having just been received